

CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1983

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Jeevan and Hanu chat about OUR COMMUNICATIVE CENTURY

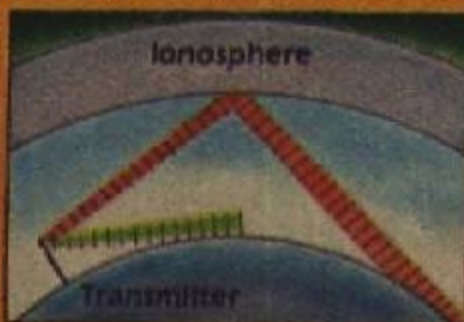
When watching television, you imagine that the whole screen is continuously lit. This is an illusion. Actually, the screen consists of thousands of tiny dots, strung out in 525 rows. Those dots light up one by one, moving left to right, top to bottom. This is called scanning. The entire screen is scanned 30 times every second! This is so fast that they all seem to be lit simultaneously. Different shades of darkness or brightness of each lit dot determine the image you actually see.

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Vol. I • What is plastic surgery? • Why don't women have beard? • Do giants live on earth? • How was Mount Everest named? • How were cartoons started? • How are lakes formed? • Are there mountains inside the sea? • What are the rings of Saturn? • What is our earth? • Is there life on other planets? • How was the submarine invented? • What is a torpedo?

Vol. II • Do cannibals still exist in the world? • Why does the sky appear blue? • How do advertisement boards shine? • Why do rain bearing clouds appear black? • What is hydrogen bomb? • How are radio waves useful for us? • What is Darwin's theory of evolution? • How did the practice of shaking hands begin? • How polio attacks children? • How do female mammals produce milk? • How is urine formed in our body? • Why is one of our feet bigger than the other? • Why do we have two eyes? • Why is blood red? • How do parrot and myna speak like us? • How does snake venom affect us? • How does fish breathe inside water? • Why is whale not considered a fish? • Why don't spiders get caught in their own webs? • What causes tides in the seas? • How is weather forecast made? • What are constellations? • Did the game of chess originate in India? • When did cricket start?

Vol. III • Why do we get pimples? • What is a test-tube baby? • Why were the pyramids of Egypt built? • Why do we dream? • What are dinosaurs? • What is Death Valley? • What are isotopes? • Can any serpent fly? • What is Yoga? • What is Marathon race?

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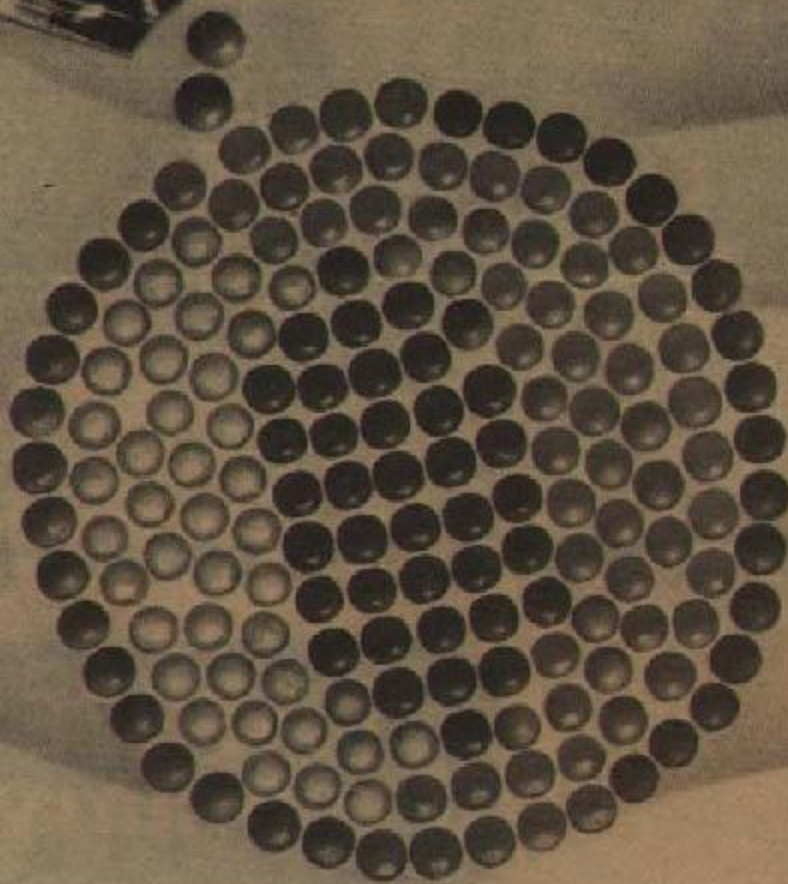
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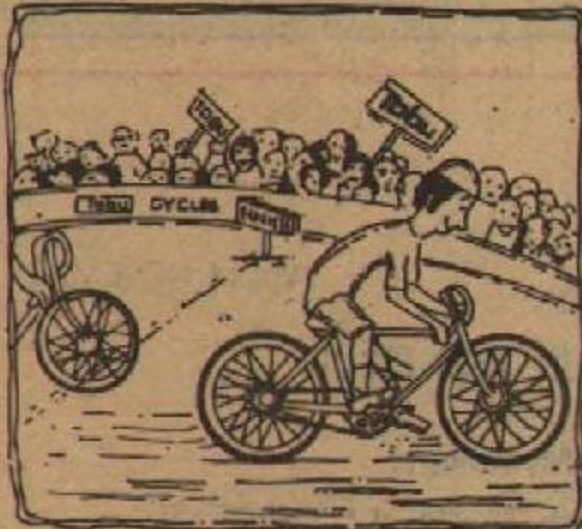
Results of Chandamama Camlin Colouring Contest No.31 (English)

1st Prize: Vinay Thakur, Hyderabad-31. 2nd Prize: Sanjay Pathak, Jhansi. Joyal Basant Kumar, Nowrangpur. Ranjan Kumar Satapathy, Dhenkanal. 3rd Prize Amitav Sahu, Bhubaneswar. Vijayanand M. Kallianpur, Bombay-400 063. M. Prasant, Hyderabad-500 044. Aeroz Alam, Balasore. Miss. Arzoo Perveen, Varanasi. P. Anand, Visakhapatnam-16. L. Shobha, Ujjain-456 001. C. Venkateshwara Rao, Hyderabad-32. Hemant Wadodkar, Parbhani. S. Venkatesh Babu, Bangalore-560 005.

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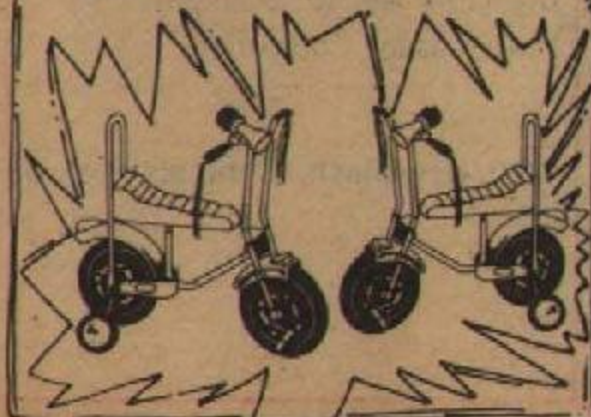
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IS ONE OF THEM

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NEXT ISSUE

- * *Kamsa's Deadly Agents—in Story of Krishna*
- * *A House for Spirits—in Unsolved Mysteries*
- * *Heaven and Hell—in Legends and Parables of India*
- * *Castle of the Immortals—A Moldavian Fairytale*
- * *Dawn of the British Rule—in Story of India*
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AND Newsflash, Contests, Let Us Know and More!





YOU ARE RIGHT, DOCTOR!

Fables and parables are not meant for only amusing their readers or listeners, but they can play a much greater role in our life. They can cure people of "ailments like depression, anxiety, sleeplessness, heartthrobbing, headaches, stomach-disorders and a host of other psychosomatic diseases."

This is not a tall claim. Dr. Nossrat Peseschkian, renowned psychologist and psychotherapist of West Germany, applies fables to his patients. Told at the right moment and in the right form, fables can prove a great cure! Already 400 psychotherapists are trained by him in this process. The doctor was in India recently.

We agree with the doctor. We know only too well the value of fables and fantasies. Indian tales from works like the *Panchatantra* must have worked as a preventive for ailments for millions! *Chandamama* is proud to keep up the great tradition.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

उष्ट्राणां च विवाहेषु गीतं गायन्ति गर्वभाः ।

परस्परं प्रशंसन्ति अहो रूपमहो ध्वनिः ॥

Uṣṭrāṇām ca vivāheṣu gītaṁ gāyanti gardabhāḥ

Parasparam praśaṁsanti aho rūpamaho dhvaniḥ

At the marriage functions of the camels, the donkeys are the singers. The donkeys sing the glory of the camels' beauty; the camels praise the donkeys for their melody!

Samayochita Padayamalika

"A Mistake that Proved Rewarding"

(The prize-winning entry for the September Contest)



Rohini was glancing over the advertisement pages of a newspaper, when I visited her house last year. "Hey, Bhanu, here's a job for me. I am applying for it," she said.

While we continued talking, her father picked up the paper and a little later decided to respond to an advertisement in the matrimonial columns.

It so happened that Rohini entrusted me with the job of writing the addresses on the envelopes—one for her job and the other on her father's letter—and pasting them.

A few months later Rohini's father was amazed to receive a letter from the firm in which Rohini was seeking a job. Rohini was not appointed, but she found a suitor—a young executive of the firm.

Then the blunder came to light. It was I who had interchanged the addresses on the envelopes—inadvertently, of course. So what? Rohini is now happily married.

—Ms. Bhanumathi, Calcutta.

The following is the fourth in the series of prize-winning entries for the contest on 'Amusing experiences with Pets' announced in October issue.

The Trainer and the Trainee

Sometime back I bought a snow-white pom puppy—our first ever pet. We named it Cutie. I decided that Cutie must learn to ask for food. To inform me of its hunger he should come to me and do "bow-vow-bow." To achieve this end, for weeks together, at every mealtime I sat opposite Cutie with his food bowl, myself growling "bow-vow-bow" and insisting that he repeats it, in order to qualify for its meal. The progress was very satisfactory.

One day, the kids were trying to coax Cutie to eat food, but it would not. Even on my appearing on the scene he did not touch the food. We were bewildered. It kept looking at my face pleadingly. The stalemate was broken, when, remembering my lessons to him, I gave out my "bow-vow-bow." Quickly it licked up the food. My lessons had rubbed on him the wrong way. Now I must bark "bow-vow-bow" so that it will eat!



Renu Kishore.



(Story so far: Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, is born in the prison of Kamsa, the demon-king of Mathura, but is transferred to the house of Nanda who builds a new settlement at Brindavan. Krishna has won everybody's heart.)

11. A HILL ALOFT A FINGER-TIP

Krishna observed his foster-father, Nanda, busy with preparations for some celebration. A ground was cleared of grass and shrubs. A platform was designed and logs of sandalwood were heaped on that. Nanda consulted astrologers about the auspicious time for beginning the function. He assigned different people different duties.

"Father, what is it that claims

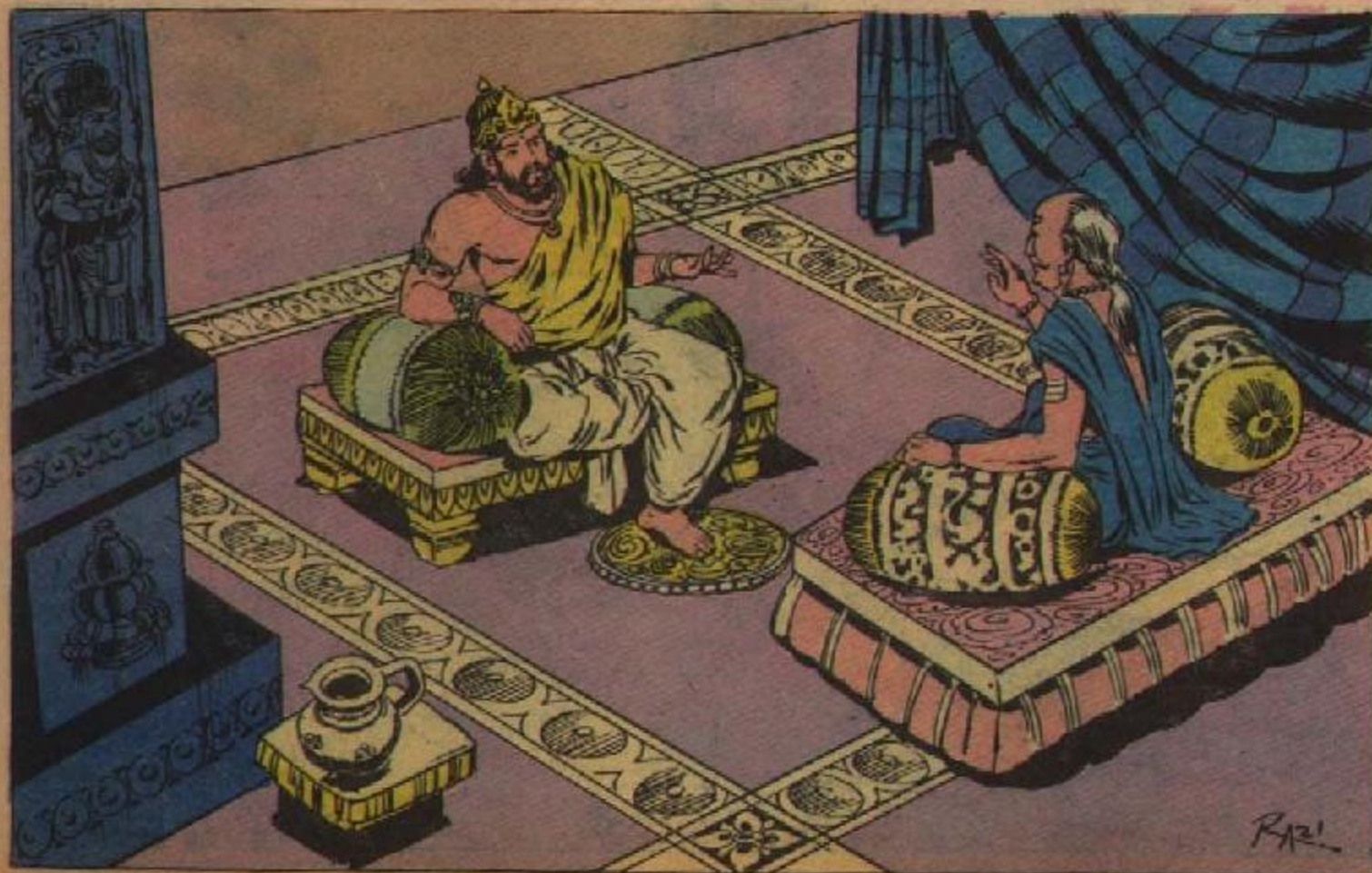
your attention?" one day Krishna asked Nanda.

"Time is approaching for our offering our homage to Indra," replied Nanda. "We must perform a Yajna in his honour."

"Who is he?"

"He is a god, in fact, the king of the gods, and the one who causes rain and weilds the thunder."

"Who gave him the power to cause rain and the right to weild



the thunder?" asked Krishna.

"The Supreme Lord, of course!" replied Nanda.

"Why then should you offer your homage to Indra instead of to the Supreme Lord?"

Nanda was not prepared for such a question from a seven-year old child. He thought for a while and said, "Well, it has been our practice for long!"

"Father, it is time for you to give up the practice or to rise above the practice. There are gods and goddesses. They represent powers of the Supreme Lord. But only those who look for small gains in life appease them. Our destiny is made by

our actions and thoughts. Can the gods change our destiny? Never. It is only the Supreme Lord who can lead us along the right path. We must pray to Him and realise Him. I say, give up this old custom, just as you gave up your old village!"

Behind King Nanda had gathered his nobles. They stood amazed. They knew that Krishna spoke the truth, but breaking away from an age-old tradition was not easy.

People worshipped different gods according to their desires and ambitions. The gods had the power to help them in the fulfilment of their hopes. But



among the people of Brindavan were great souls. Their only aspiration was to seek the Grace of the Supreme Lord. Krishna was aware of that. What he spoke out was the yearning of these souls. Besides, an example must be set even for the common men to be able to break old customs. They must be brave and progressive.

"Are you afraid of stopping the practice?" Krishna demanded to know.

Nanda and his nobles remained silent.

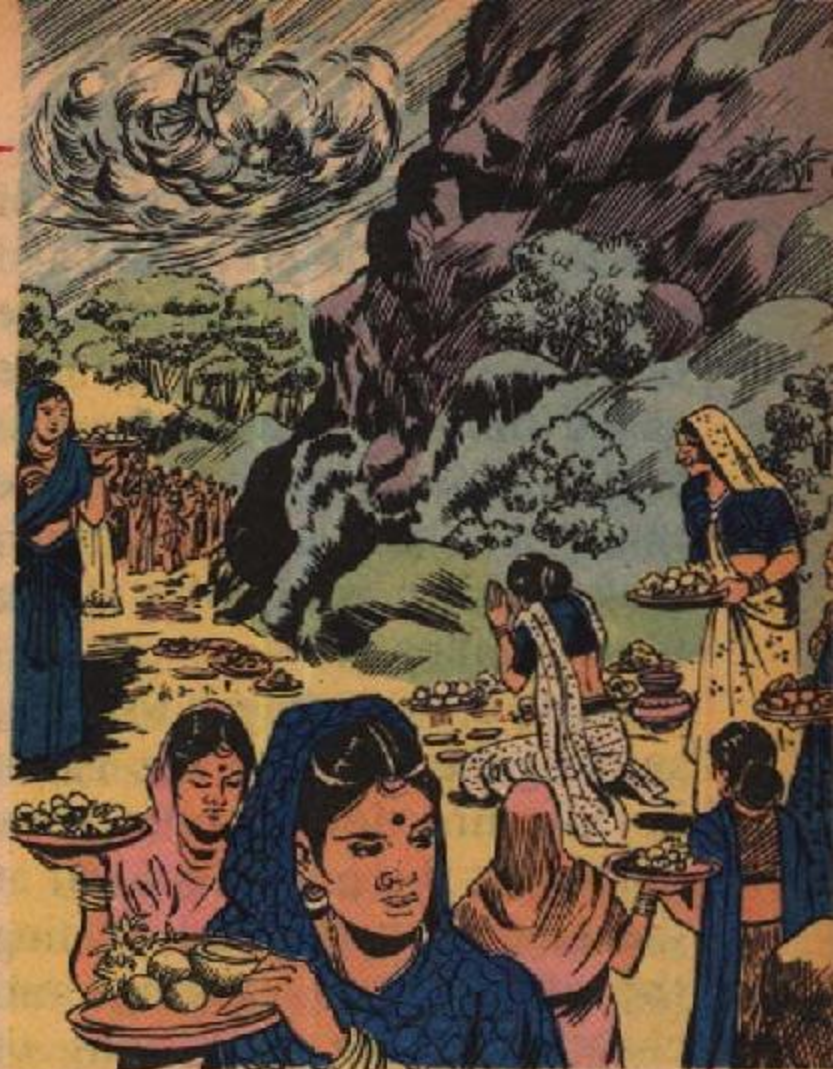
"If you are devotees of the Supreme Lord, whom need you fear?"

"Right. We should not be afraid of anybody or any power. But our people would like to go festive once in a while...."

"Why not a festival in honour of Mount Govardhan that stands like a sentinel over our locality? God is everywhere—in all Nature. You can worship any object and invoke God's presence in it," said Krishna.

It was a novel idea. What is more, Krishna's suggestion bore a certain inspiration that was irresistible.

The site of the Yajna was shifted to the foot of Mount



Govardhan. On the auspicious day songs were sung in praise of the hill and offerings of fruit and flowers were made to it. The new locality had a new kind of celebration. All were jubilant. The hill itself appeared vibrant with delight.

But high above the clouds Indra's brow became ireful. At first he was surprised; then he grew angry. How did the people, who worshipped him year after year as did their forefathers, suddenly decide to ignore him? Who inspired them to violate the tradition?

They must be taught a lesson, decided Indra.



He summoned the spirits of the thirtynine different kinds of winds at his command and bade them blow over Brindavan. He called the clouds from the distant horizons. He kept ready the thunder in his hand and then looked down wrathfully at the festive valley.

The wind that began to blow, swaying the flames of the Yajna in all directions, soon grew fierce. As the people looked at the sky, they stopped beating the drums and singing and chanting. Huge dark rolls of cloud were gathering overhead. They were zooming low as though aiming at the crowd.

Suddenly the wind grew erratic. It blew from this direction and that. A whirlwind struck the seat of Yajna. The materials shot up high and then fell scattered over a wide area.

The whirlwind was followed by a cloud-burst. The downpour rapidly grew in intensity. Sharp flashes of lightning blinded the people and deafening thunder-claps dazed them.

They thronged round Krishna. Those who were at their homes also came running there. They were instinctively looking forward to Krishna to do something, though they could not have said what they expected of



him.

But their Krishna was ready to do the most unexpected—to perform the most incredible feat. He lifted the majestic Mount Govardhan and held it aloft on the tip of a finger.

“Take shelter under the hill and have no fear at all!” he said. And fear left the people immediately. They spent their time, quite relaxed. They remained there for seven days and seven nights, forgetful of time and also blissfully ignorant of what was going on at the hill.

Indra was striking the hill with terrible thunders in a bid to crush it and crush those under

it. After bearing with the mischief for a while, Krishna summoned his Sudarshana Chakra that circled like a wheel of force. The mighty weapon, whirling at great speed, began to disperse the thunderbolts some of which went shooting back to their sender.

Indra was stunned. He had exhausted all his power, but to no avail.

The defeat made him meditative. He soon realised who was the little boy who saved the people he was out to destroy. Repentant for his impatient and angry acts, Indra prayed to Krishna to be pardoned.



The Case of the Clever Patient

Khusu was walking with his friend, Seshan.

"I am frequently having headache for the last fortnight," Khusu complained at one point.

"We are close to the well-known physician Dr. Rao's clinic. Why not consult him?" proposed Seshan.

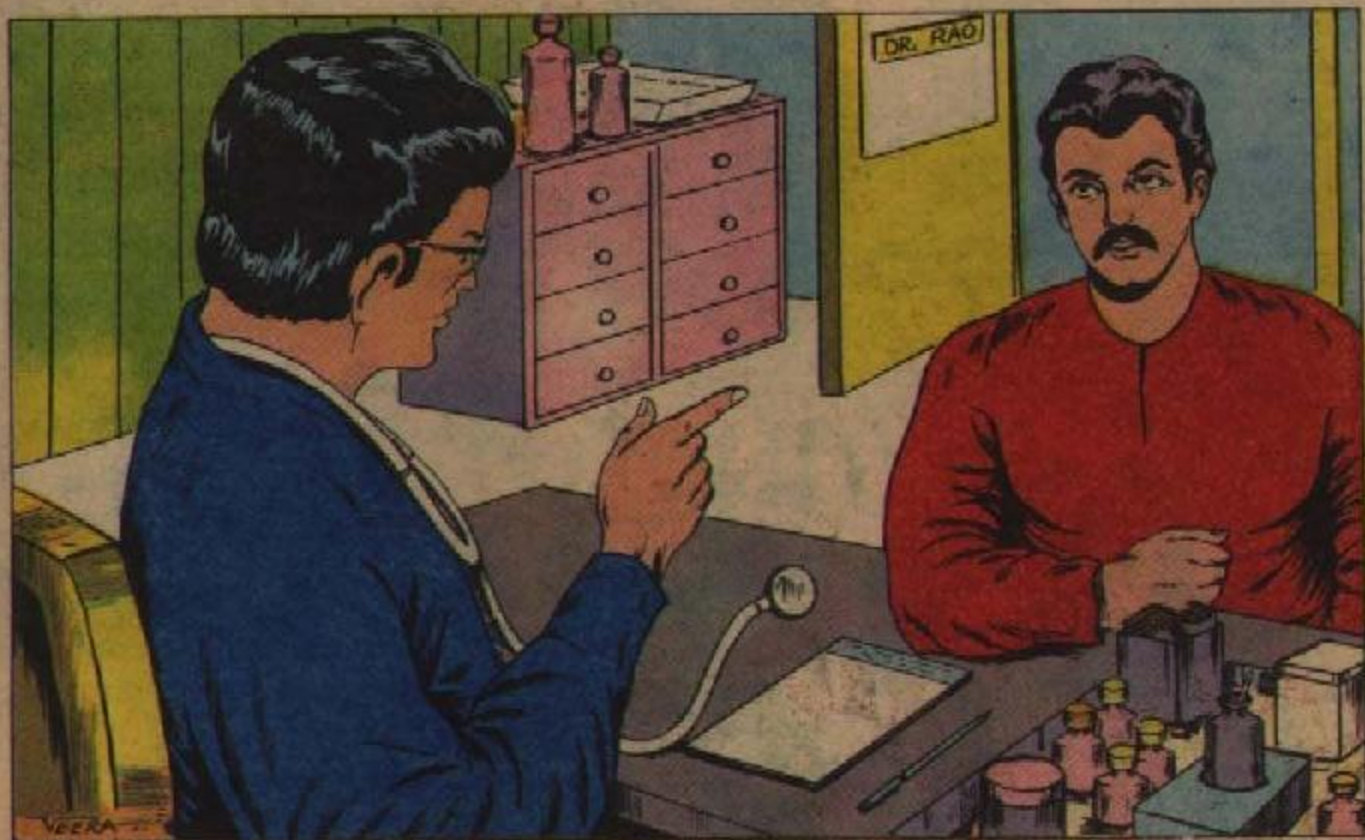
"What is his fee?"

"He charges five rupees for examining and prescribing for a patient," replied Seshan.

Khusu agreed to meet the physician. Seshan who was known to the physician introduced Khusu to him.

Seshan sat silent while Khusu and Dr. Rao talked and Dr. Rao wrote down his prescription. But on coming out to the road, Seshan observed, "You never told me that you suffered from stomach trouble and heart palpitations as well!"

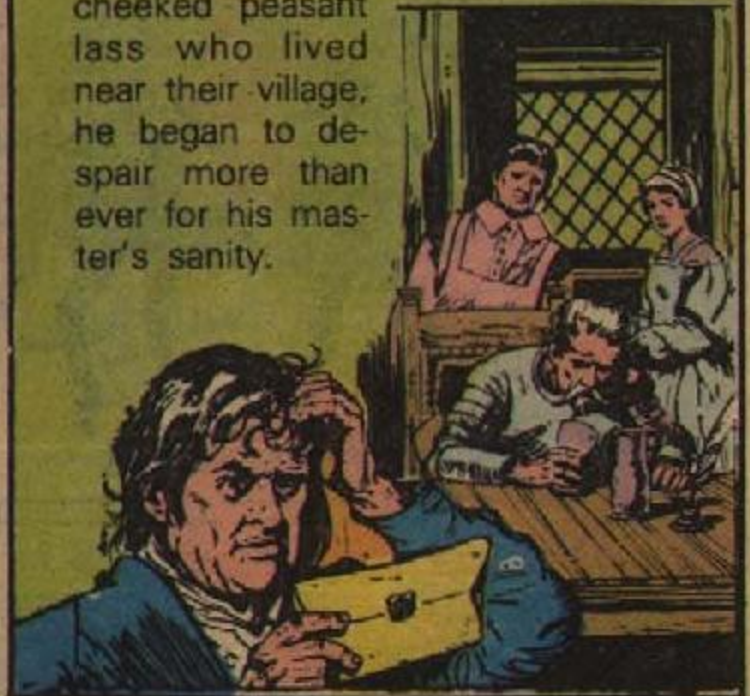
Khusu smiled and answered, "I have only headache. But my son has stomach trouble and my wife has palpitations. Why should I not make the physician prescribe for all three at the fee for only one?"



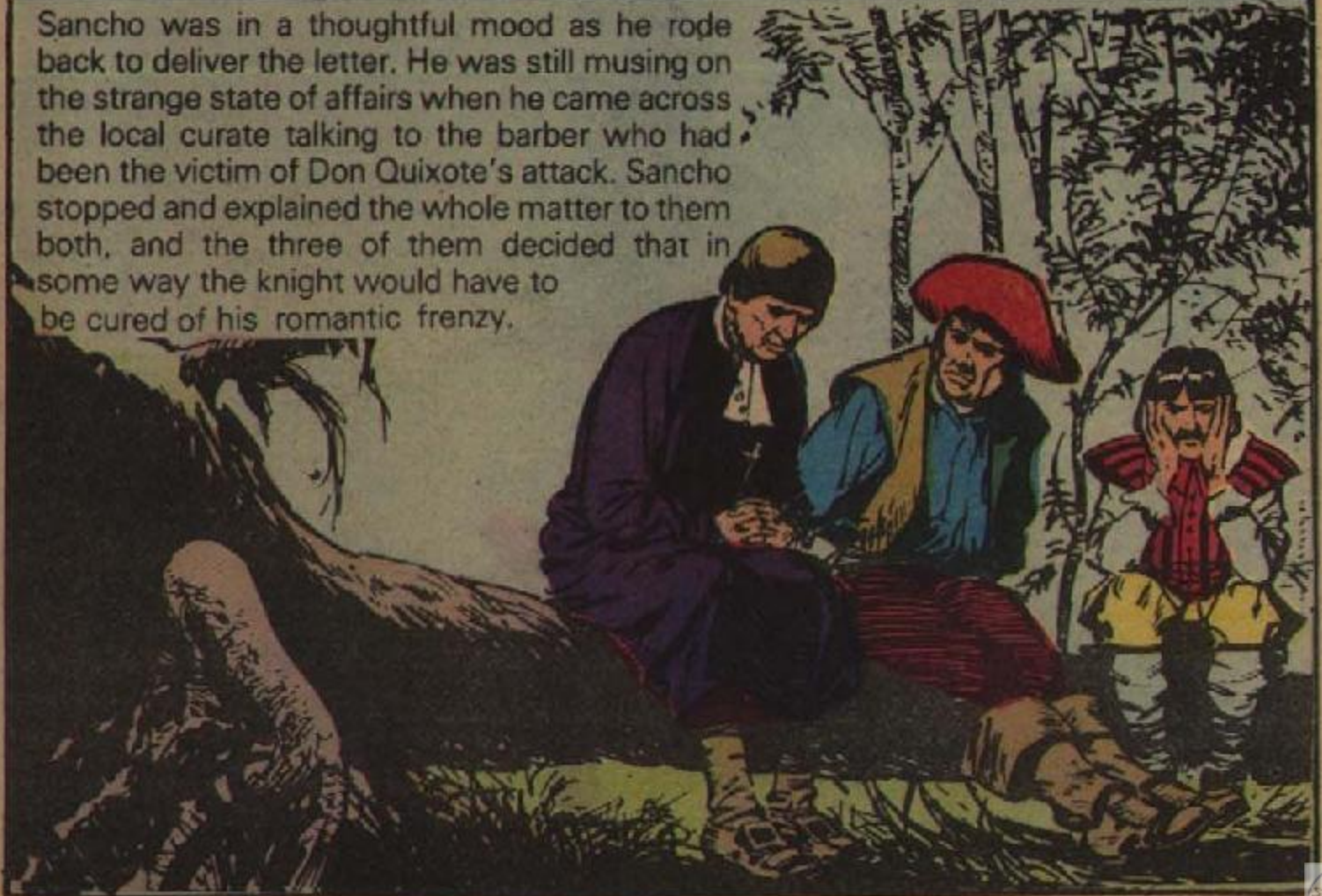
Don Quixote

(Friends of Don Quixote, worried by his strange conduct, form a plan to help him.)

Later that day, they arrived at an inn where Don Quixote decided he must write a letter to be gracious and beautiful Dulcinea, reaffirming his burning passion for her. When Sancho saw that the letter was actually addressed to a simple, rosy cheeked peasant lass who lived near their village, he began to despair more than ever for his master's sanity.



Sancho was in a thoughtful mood as he rode back to deliver the letter. He was still musing on the strange state of affairs when he came across the local curate talking to the barber who had been the victim of Don Quixote's attack. Sancho stopped and explained the whole matter to them both, and the three of them decided that in some way the knight would have to be cured of his romantic frenzy.



After a great deal of discussion they eventually worked out a plan. Some hours later, the barber now dressed in a woman's clothes with a little bonnet on his head, and the curate dressed in the humble garb of a squire, rode out to seek Don Quixote.



Their plan was for the barber to pose as a gentlewoman in distress. She would appeal to him to help her redress a grievous wrong in the hope of luring him back to the village where his friends would take good care of him. But as it happened, they

met on their way a charming young lady, who, after some persuasion, agreed to play the role of a princess whose lands had been stolen from her. With her in their company, they continued their search and eventually they found the knight doing penance before a shrine in the mountains.



On reaching the knight, the "princess" fell on her knees before him. "Please help me, noble knight," she cried. "A traitor is unjustly occupying my throne, and you are the only one who can help me." Naturally this was the sort of appeal that Don Quixote could not resist.





After the good knight had agreed to help the "princess," they suggested he should return first to his village to acquire a new suit of armour. But Don Quixote was burning with impatience to carry out his task and refused. Eventually they got him to an inn, where the three conspirators talked of what they should do next. Eventually it was decided they would have to get him back by force.

As soon as Don Quixote went to sleep for the night, the three of them went back to the village where they quickly made a wooden cage. Returning to the inn at the dead of night, they went to his room and taking him from his bed while he remained asleep, they carried him down the stairs to the waiting cage outside.



When he awoke inside the cage in which he had been placed on a wagon, the knight merely took this as another example of the strange magic which had so frequently beset him during his adventures. So he resigned himself to his fate, and in this manner he returned once more to his home.

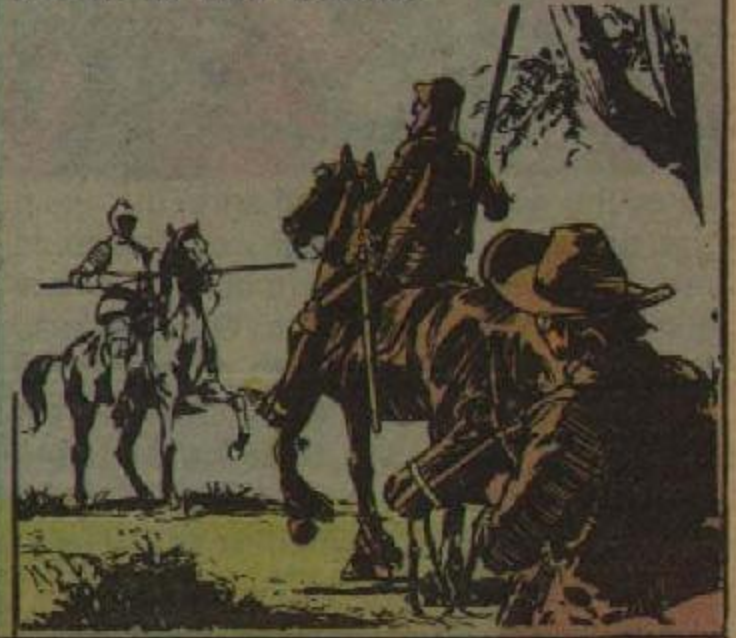
For a month, Don Quixote stayed at home, slowly recovering from the batterings and buffetings he had suffered during his adventures. But all the time he was planning to go forth once again into the world. In despair, his niece called upon an old friend, Samson Carrasco, to dissuade her uncle from leaving home. But to her dismay he actually encouraged Don Quixote in his flights of fancy.





"Go forth, noble knight," Samson Carrasco told his friend. "A thousand exploits and achievements await you. And if you need a squire, I shall find one for you." "Thank you for your noble offer," Don Quixote told him. "But when I set forth again, it will be with my old and faithful friend, Sancho Panza."

In due course, Don Quixote set off once again with Sancho Panza. They had not travelled far when they suddenly found their path barred by another knight on horseback. "Don Quixote," he shouted. "I have come to challenge you to a combat, so that I may tell my friends I have beaten in battle the great and celebrated knight known as Don Quixote."



Don Quixote immediately accepted the challenge, and as the two knights prepared to battle, Sancho Panza, being a prudent fellow, immediately asked Don Quixote to help him into a tree, in order, he claimed, that he might see the battle.

Having placed Sancho in a place of safety Don Quixote turned to face his opponent. Lifting his lance he charged at him. They were almost upon each other when the horse of Don Quixote's opponent stumbled, throwing its rider to the ground.





Seeing his opponent now lying helpless on the ground, Don Quixote dismounted and raised his visor. To his amazement, the knight lying on the ground was none other than his friend Samson Carrasco.



While Don Quixote was still exclaiming over the marvels of sorcery, Samson mounted his horse and rode morosely away. The truth of the matter was that he had concocted a scheme in which he had tried to challenge and defeat Don Quixote, and thereby under the rules of chivalry, order him to stay home, where he would be safe. It was a scheme which had failed dismally.

As the knight's faithful squire, Sancho Panza, scrambled down from the tree, Don Quixote pointed to his fallen foe. "Look Sancho," he exclaimed. "Witches and sorcerers have turned my enemy into the likeness of my old friend, Samson Carrasco."



Sometime after Don Quixote's encounter with Samson, they came across a party hunting with hawks. Among them, the knight saw a beautiful lady with a goshawk on her hand. "Sancho," the knight said. "Tell the lady you see there that I should be proud to receive her commands."





To Sancho's amazement, the lady who was a Duchess, had heard of his master and forthwith invited him to her castle. A messenger was sent ahead, and to the knight's surprise, when he arrived at the castle he was treated as an honoured guest.

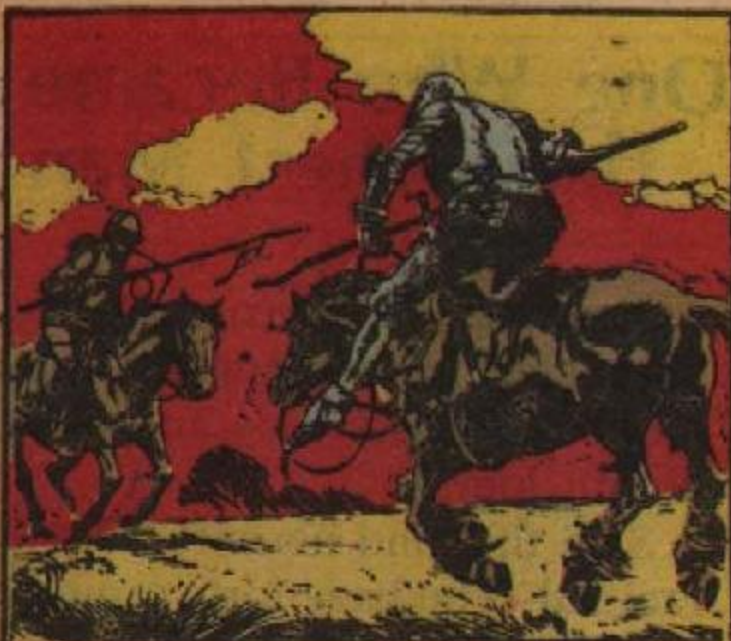
Don Quixote was elated. For the first time he was being treated in a manner fitting to his station as a noble knight. After he had washed, the party sat down to dine. What he did not know was that the Duchess and Samson Carrasco had a plan in mind designed to put an end to Don Quixote's misguided career as a knight-errant.



At the end of their meal together, the Duchess suddenly burst into tears. "I am in grave trouble, noble sir," she sobbed. "A strange knight calling himself the Knight of the White Moon is terrorising our whole estate and everybody is afraid of facing him." Don Quixote was on his feet in an instant. "Fetch me my lance and horse!" he cried. "And show me where this recreant knave is to be found. Fear not, madam I, Don Quixote, shall deal with him."

Only a few miles down the road from the castle, they were suddenly confronted by a rider in full armour. "Illustrious Don Quixote," called the stranger. "I am the Knight of the White Moon. Are you prepared to break a lance with me for the honour of your own lady or for that of the Duchess?"





Don Quixote immediately set spurs to his old mount, Rozinante, and the ancient animal broke into what passed for a gallop. Both knights bore down on each other, lances couched.

Unfortunately for Don Quixote, he was hurled to the ground as if he were a sack of flour. The knight was upon him immediately, his sword at the Don's throat. "By the rules of chivalry," he announced. "I, as victor, demand that you must give me your word of honour to lay down your arms and return home for one year."



Sadly, Don Quixote rode away. As soon as he had gone, the knight who had vanquished him, removed his visor to reveal the face of Samson Carrasco who had challenged him before in the hope of making the Don return home. Then Samson had failed, but now with the help of the Duchess, he had succeeded.

Soon after Don Quixote had returned to his home, he developed a fever and took to his bed. His madness left him overnight but his time was nigh. He called for the scrivener and made his will, in which Sancho, of course, was justly rewarded. Shortly afterwards, he died peacefully. Thus ended the life of this mad, tragic but truly noble knight.



The end.



One Who Became The Richest Man

Long ago there was a merchant who led his forty camels, loaded with merchandise, to a distant place.

On his way one evening he camped on the bank of a river close by a forest. At night some bandits came there by boat and took away all his merchandise.

The merchant was in grief. He dismissed his servants; for he had no money to pay them. He sat weeping amidst his forty camels.

Nearby was a forest. A hermit who lived in it saw him and

summoned him to come to his hermitage. The merchant told him of his misfortune and wept before him.

Said the kind hermit, "Don't feel sad. You have forty camels. I will see to it that they are loaded with gold. You will become probably the richest man in the world. But will you leave twenty camels with their load, for me?"

"Revered One, the value of all the stuff my forty camels were carrying would not amount to one fourth of the load of gold



that only one camel can carry. Why should I not leave twenty camels and their loads with you?" said the merchant with great joy.

The hermit led the merchant and his camels to the hills deep inside the forest. He stood in front of a cave and took out a small box from his clothes. It contained some ointment. He applied a little of it to his own eyes.

"Is this some magic ointment?" asked the merchant.

"Yes. It reveals to me all the hidden wealth," replied the hermit. Then he said, "You be here. I'll drag gold-filled bags one after another. You keep loading them on the camels."

In a few minutes the hermit drew out the first bag. Unable to check his curiosity, the merchant opened it and saw that it contained pure gold bricks. He was amazed.

When all the forty camels were loaded the hermit said, "Now, lead twenty camels away to your home and let me lead the other twenty to my hermitage."

The merchant led away twenty camels, but a minute later he turned back and shouted to the



hermit, "Wait, wait!"

Drawing close to the hermit, he asked, "You are a hermit. What will you do with all this gold? Why not go satisfied with ten camels?"

"You want to have ten more camels with their loads, do you? Very well, take them," said the hermit without the slightest bitterness.

The merchant added ten more camels to his twenty and advanced on his way. But two minutes later he turned back and shouted, "Wait, hermit sir, wait."

The hermit stopped. The merchant came back running to



him and said, "I am afraid, I am committing a sin by letting you have this wealth. You are a hermit. To lead a simple life dedicated to God is your chosen path. Gold might lead you astray. Should you better not let me have all the gold?"

"Why not? Take the remaining ten camels too!" said the hermit.

"Thanks a lot." The happy merchant was now in command of all the forty camels loaded with gold.

"Wait, wait!" he shouted again at the hermit who was moving away alone.

"What now?"

"It is about the magic oint-

ment. As I see, you don't have any attraction for wealth. What will you do with that ointment? Please pass that on to me. I can make proper use of it," said the merchant.

"Don't ask for it, my boy, for it will not work with you the way it works with me," said the hermit gravely.

"Don't try to befool me, hermit, sir, please hand over the ointment. I will never forget your kindness."

"Why do you need it? The wealth you have got is more than what any king possesses. Your descendants can live on it for generations. I must tell you that the ointment will prove



dangerous to you!"

"O Sir, don't bluff me! Please give me the thing!" The merchant spread his arms obstructing the hermit's passage.

"You will regret it, my boy!" said the hermit.

"Pass it on to me, sir!"

The hermit threw the small container at the merchant.

"Thanks," said the merchant. Without any loss of time, he applied the ointment to his eyes—and he grew stone blind.

"Hermit!" he shouted. "Take back your ointment and please do something to restore my vision!"

There was no response.

"Please take away ten

camels—or twenty—or all of them if you please, but help me get back my vision!" the merchant screamed.

"I have no power to help you!" The hermit's voice was heard from distance.

"What can I do with all the gold if I am blind?"

There was no answer to his question. Days later some other merchants, passing by the forest, took pity on him and guided him to the nearest town. He used to narrate his story to others while living as a beggar. Nobody believed him, for nobody saw the camels or the gold! And the merchant could not say what happened to them.





Unsolved Mysteries

WHO WAS THE CALLER AT THE UNEARTHLY HOUR?

The Little Girl At Midnight

It was snowing outside. The breeze was biting cold. Dr. Mitchell, a highly popular and respected physician, bade goodbye to his last patient and locked the door. He was living alone in his Philadelphia house for some time.

He was looking forward to finishing reading a journal before falling asleep for the night. He went upstairs, changed to a nightgown, and sat in the easychair near his bed.

It was about midnight when the door-bell rang. Dr. Mitchell was not happy. But he had no other go than to come down. He was not in the habit of ignoring

any call—for it could be from a patient whose condition had grown critical.

Reluctantly he descended the stairs and opened the door. It was still snowing. A little girl stood on the verandah. "My mother is dying. Will you please see her?" she asked imploringly.

Dr. Mitchell would have liked to wait till the morning. But the girl insisted on his examining her mother immediately. "Any loss of time will mean her death!" she said.

Dr. Mitchell changed his clothes again. Carrying his box of emergency medicines and his stethoscope, he locked his house and followed the girl.

The whole town had fallen asleep. In any case that was not a thickly populated area. The little guide led the doctor into a suburb of poor people down the hill.

Up a dusky staircase they went. In a murky room lay a lady, evidently very ill and unconscious. Dr. Mitchell examined her and gave some medication. She recovered her sense. The doctor sat for some more time and then knew that he had done whatever was necessary for the time. The little girl must meet him in the morning so that arrangements can be made to shift the patient to a hospital.

He left the stool and looked for the girl. She was not there. In fact the last he had seen her was when she pushed open the door of the room and stepped aside for him to enter.

"She must be somewhere here, for the garments she wore were now hanging against the wall. She must have changed and gone into another room,"

he thought.

Observing that the doctor was looking at the garments, the patient said in a faint voice for the first time, "They are my daughter's."

"Yes, where is she?"

The woman sighed. "She is dead for some months now!" she said in a broken voice.

"Oh!"

Dr. Mitchell thanked himself that he had not given out a shriek or said anything to bewilder the patient.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Good night." The doctor left the house before the patient had asked him who called him to her bedside at that hour.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who was once the President of the Amercian Association of Physicians, has this strange experience to narrate.





The Enchanted Valley



If there was a paradise anywhere on earth, it was the kingdom of Chandragiri. At least that is what most of the people of the kingdom thought.

The people of Chandragiri were jolly by nature. Festivals and cultural pageanties marked their life. Dearest to them among the festivals was Diwali. Millions of lamps decorated their houses, gardens, parks and roads. Fanciful fireworks dazzled the sky.

To the east of Chandragiri was Mitrapuri, a bigger and more powerful state. The king of Chandragiri, Rudrasen, was married to the princess of Mitrapuri. Naturally Mitrapuri was always ready to protect Chandragiri. King Rudrasen felt secure.

King Rudrasen was blessed with two children. The elder child, Princess Suvarna, was as beautiful as the younger one, Prince Vijay, was brave. Both were equally intelligent and obedient to their parents.

To the south of Chandragiri

was the sea. Between the sea and the locality spread a range of hills and forest covering the south-eastern frontier of the kingdom.

In one of the valleys of the hills there once lived a Tantrik called Vairav Sharma. Nobody knew for certain what he did, but about him many tales of terror circulated. It was believed that he could turn human beings into trees—trees into beasts—and beasts into birds. People shunned the enchanted valley.

Tantrik Vairav Sharma was no more. But he had left a young heir to his cult, named Vikat Sharma. Unlike his guru, Vikat visited the locality from time to time. Sometimes he even made his appearance in the king's castle. The king received him with some show of respect, so that he was not displeased. Who knows if he was not capable of doing mischief?

The Diwali had come. The prince and the princess were ready to set out for Mitrapuri. It



had become customary for them to enjoy the festival one year at home and the next year at their maternal uncle's.

They insisted on riding horses instead of travelling by chariot. They were excellent riders and they loved adventure. And the hilly frontiers were not unfamiliar to them.

They set out in company of their bodyguards, but soon they galloped forward, leaving the guards behind. The cool and tranquil dawn and the thrill of meeting their affectionate grandpa, grandma, uncle and aunt goaded them on.

"Let's see how long our bodyguards take to reach Mitrapuri!"

said Vijay.

"And let me see if you can keep pace with me!" said Suvarna.

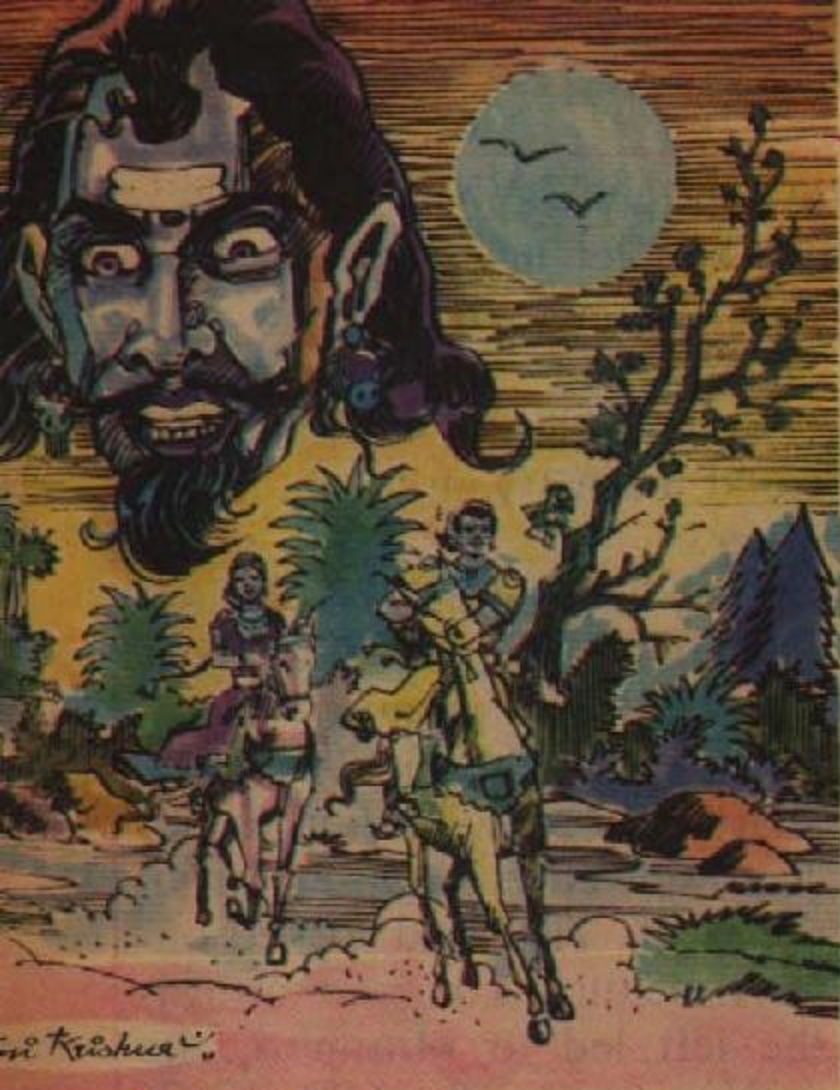
Both rode as fast as they could, each trying to outdo the other.

They entered the hilly region. The tall trees and the high rocks were still clad in mist.

They looked back. The bodyguards had been left far behind. They slowed down at a turn of the road. The road forked out after the turn. The road towards the left led to Mitrapuri, the narrow one to the right sloped down into the valley of the tantrik.

"Will you please stop for a





while?"

The voice surprised Vijay and Suvarna. Both pulled the reins of their horses and came to a halt.

"Please dismount. Have some prasad. That will do you good."

It was Tantrik Vikat Sharma. The royal children knew nothing about him except that their father showed him some respect.

They got off their horses. "Wash your hands and face before taking the prasad," the tantrik said and he poured water on their hands from a red jug.

The prince and the princess splashed the water on their faces

and received the prasad—slices of banana mixed with honey.

"You may go. We shall meet again," said the tantrik.

The prince and the princess thanked him and hopped on to their horses and galloped away, taking the road that led to Mitrapuri.

In silence they proceeded. But half an hour later the prince, who was slightly ahead of the princess, slowed down. He looked in all directions and said, "Did we lose our way?"

The princess pulled the rein and said, "I was going to ask you the same question. But where was any chance of our losing the way? Did we not take to our left at the crossroads?"

"Of course we did!"

"Then?"

But they had no answer to their own question. They moved on slowly. Everything appeared unfamiliar and strange. Soon they saw a house. "Somebody must be here who can give us some guidance," said the prince. They tied their horses to a tree and stepped into the house.

Instantly the door shut behind them. They were taken aback. But they had a far greater cause



to be surprised. From the opposite side of the hall emerged the smiling tantrik!

"How could you be here so soon?" asked the prince.

"Well, this is my valley. Don't you think I should be in know of shortcuts?" answered the tantrik with a meaningful smile. "Be happy and relax."

"But we are anxious to reach our destination. We somehow missed the way!" the princess said politely.

"Princess! You've not lost the way. You are on the right track—to the queen's throne of Chandragiri!" said the tantrik with a dazzling smile.

The princess felt very awkward. But she did not show it. "You're making a mistake, sir! It is my brother's wife who will be the queen of Chandragiri. My brother is the heir to the throne."

"Ha ha! the situation might change. Someone much more eligible than your brother might ascend the throne and he might choose to make you his queen!"

The tantrik's words sounded as fearful as the hissing of a serpent.

"Sir, why do you forget that the choice depends on me too?"



she said gravely.

"Well, you may not have any option!"

The tantrik headed towards the door.

"Stop!" the princess shouted, "Why do you speak in a mystifying language? Why is the door locked? How are we to go out?"

"You are not to go out!" shouted back the tantrik and he went out as the door opened for a brief moment and then shut with a bang.

The prince and the princess stood stunned, looking at each other.

"This means we are prisoners!" observed the prince with a





heavy sigh.

The princess stood biting her lips. Then she rushed into the adjacent dungeon. A terrible-looking deity was there, but no door.

She returned to the door and banged on it furiously, yelling at the top of her voice, "Open the door! Think of the dire consequence of harassing us!"

"Hey! Your cry chills my blood!" a nasal voice was heard saying. The prince looked through a tiny window. A dwarf stood guarding the door.

"Listen, you friend. Open the door and you will be heavily rewarded," the prince said sig-

nalling to the dwarf.

The dwarf came closer to the window. "I will open if you do me a favour. In the deity's room you'll find an earthen vessel. Can you let me have a sip from it? No fear, my master will not be back before an hour," said the dwarf.

In one bound the prince reached for the vessel and brought it and handed it over to the dwarf.

His eyes bright with joy, the dwarf drank from the jar and said with great satisfaction, "Ah, what a delicious drink!"

"Will you open the door?"

"If I could open the door, don't you think I could enter the dungeon and drink from the jar? Why should I need your help? I don't have the key," explained the dwarf.

"You liar!" blurted out the prince.

"Call me whatever name you wish to. I am not supposed to get annoyed with you. I must behead you with perfect calm." The dwarf paused and said again, "Well, I've told you what I should not have. But why to hide? You cannot escape. I'm a good man, you know, very frank!"



The dwarf was getting fast intoxicated.

"Behead him? Why?" asked the bewildered princess.

"For the deity! Then the deity will be pleased and my master will become the king. But, Princess, you're lucky. My master will marry you and you'll be our queen. Please remember me, I'm going to be the general of the army. Yes, the master has promised me," the dwarf informed them gleefully.

"So, you're the person to behead me, are you?" asked the prince.

"Who else?" he asked proudly, "My master will be busy offering worship! Why, do you doubt my capability? I've practised the art over one hundred and twenty goats!"

"When do you plan to behead me?"

"Didn't you hear the sacred owl hooting just now? When it hoots for the second time—about an hour from now! That is why I needed this drink so badly, to brace myself up for the tough task."

"We are so sorry to be the cause of your tough task. Had we not strayed into the valley..."



"How could you have helped straying? The water with which you washed your face had magic in it! Once it comes in contact with one's eyes, for a few minutes one sees to his left everything that really is to his right. Things that are really on his left appear to be on his right. That is why you saw the left-side road to your right and arrived here! Now, Prince, will you please keep this jar at its place? And please bring me some water. Wine always makes me thirsty."

The prince had no reason to oblige his would-be killer. But the fellow had blurted out many secrets. It might pay to keep him in good humour. They had





nothing to gain by displeasing him.

"Where is water?" asked the prince while receiving the wine jar.

"It is there in a pot at the entrance to the shrine."

The prince replaced the wine jar and fetched the pot of water.

"I should not drink all of it. I have to wash my hands and face before the sacrifice ceremony," said the dwarf.

Going to keep the pot back, the prince suddenly noticed the red jug from which the tantrik had given them water at the crossroads. He lifted it and looked into it. It had still

enough water in it. He threw away the remaining water from the other pot and filled it with the magic water from the red jug.

The princess sat leaning against the wall in a corner of the hall. She looked dazed.

"My sister, you don't seem to be delighted at the luck waiting for you!" Vijay tried to provoke her. But she cast a blank look.

Vijay sat down near her. "Look here, is this the time to lose all hope? We should fight, shouldn't we? Let us look for anything that would come handy as a weapon." He gave his sister a shake.

"I was praying. Nothing but the Divine's Grace can save us," muttered the princess, wiping her eyes.

The princess then stood up and tried a smile. But they had no time to discuss their action. The door opened and the tantrik entered, followed by the dwarf.

Vijay wanted to pounce on him at once. But before he could do that, the tantrik threw a pinch of dust on them. Both Vijay and Suvarna felt all their strength evaporated! Their hands slumped almost lifeless.



The tantrik took hold of the prince and dragged him into the dungeon. He made him sit to the left of the deity and himself sat down facing him—to the right of the deity. He chanted some abracadabra and looked at the dwarf meaningfully.

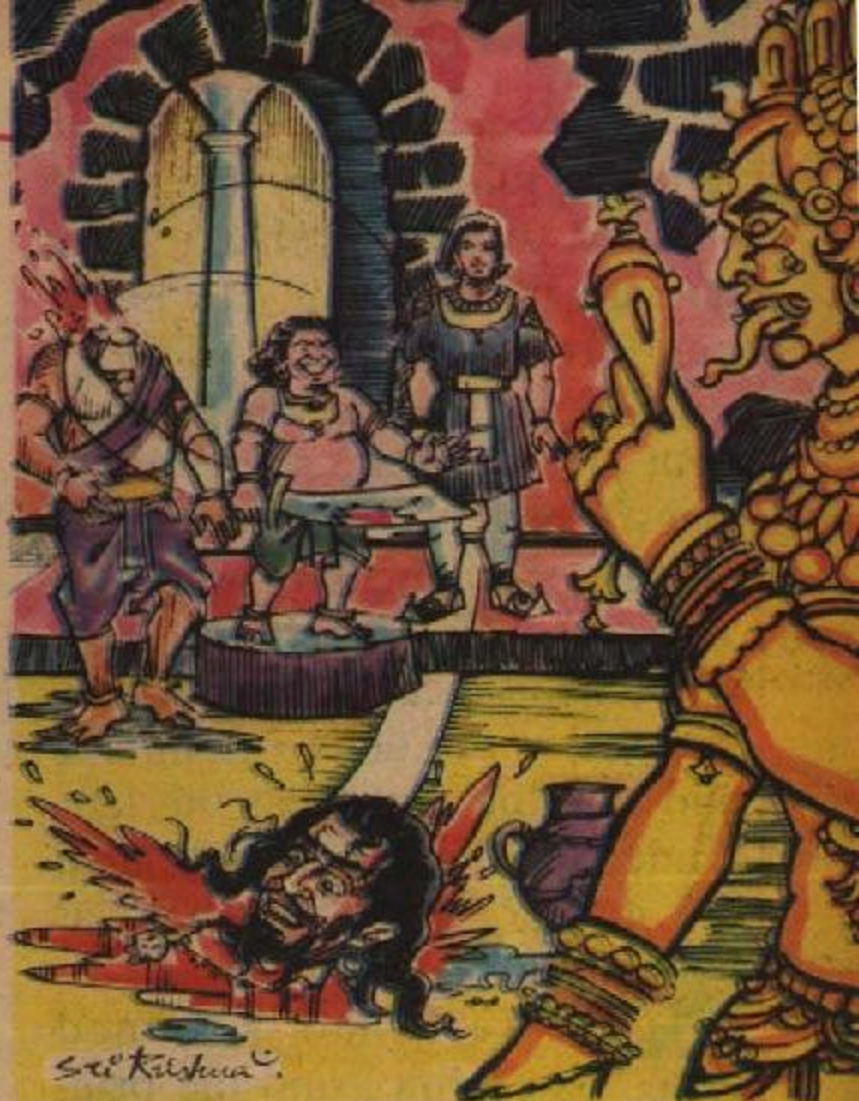
The dwarf brought out a sword. Vijay wanted to stand up, but could not. The tantrik smiled. "You should consider yourself lucky that you've been chosen by the goddess to be sacrificed to her," he said.

"Don't mistake your deity to be any goddess, you fool! There are numerous evil forces who pass on as little gods and goddesses. You are in the grip of one such being, or, maybe, she is in your grip!" blurted out the princess.

"Shut up! How dare you insult my deity and myself? Well, the more I delay the more you will anger me," bellowed the tantrik. The owl was heard hooting. Looking at the dwarf, he commanded, "Come on!"

The dwarf took water from the pot and washed his hands and face. Then he poured the remaining water on the sword and touched it to his forehead.

He then sprang forward and



swung the sword with great verve. His victim's head rolled on the floor.

"Ha, ha! I had practised this over a hundred and twenty goats!" laughed the dwarf.

"Master, please do not neglect to make me the general once you become the king," the dwarf said now looking at the prince whom he took to be the tantrik, ignorant of the fact that he had already beheaded the tantrik!"

As soon as the tantrik was killed the prince found his strength back. He sprang to his feet and threw the dwarf down.

The princess, at first at a loss



to comprehend the situation, shouted at her brother, "Why do you punish him? He killed our tormentor!"

"Not he, my sister, it was done by the magic water. I had transferred the water from the tantrik's red jug into this pot. The would-be general, after washing his face with that water, saw me at the deity's right side and saw the tantrik at the left. Under the illusion he beheaded his master, sure that he was beheading me!"

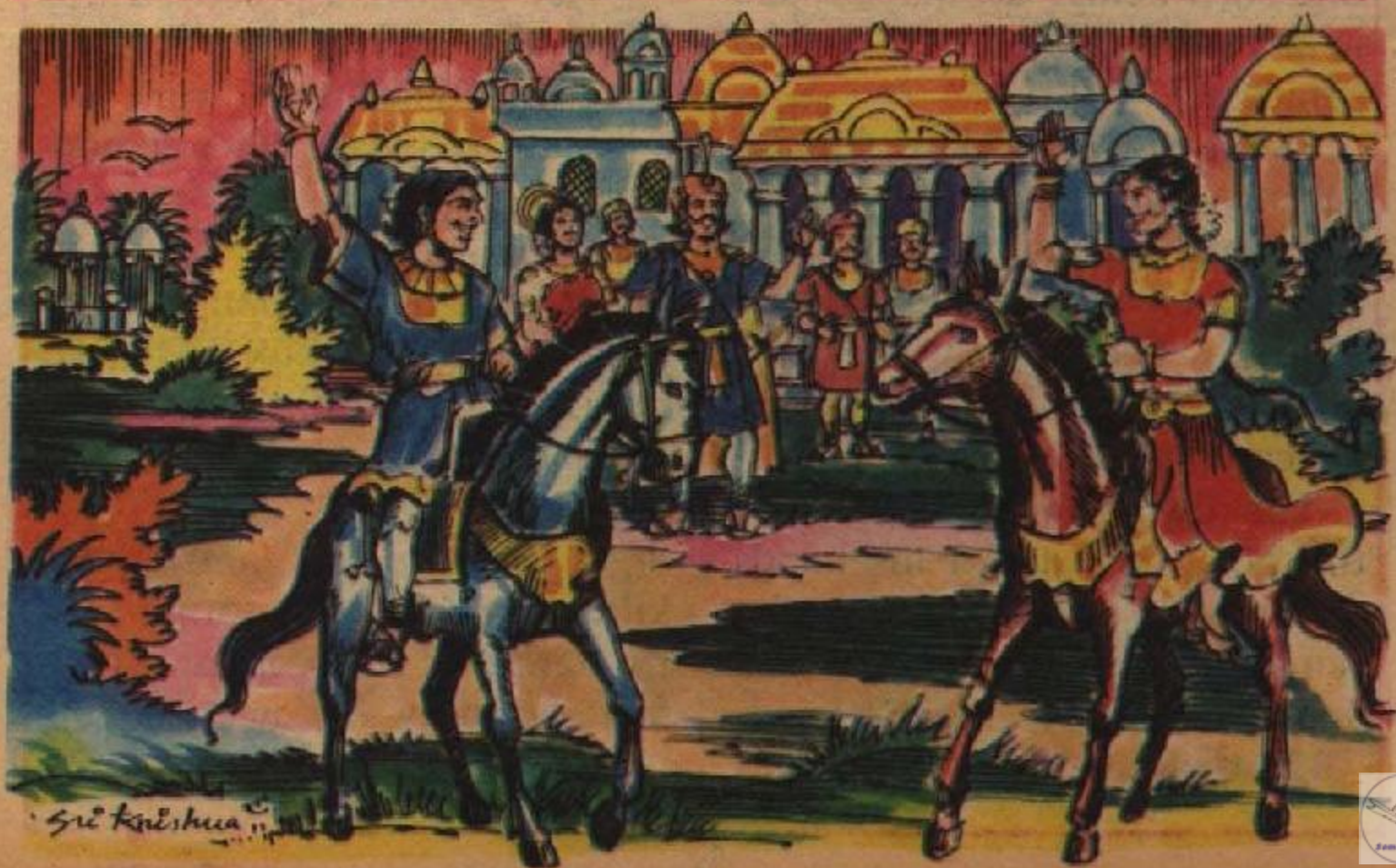
The dwarf had swooned away. The prince and the princess ran out of the hall. Their horses were still there. It was already dark outside. But they

could soon see their city lighted on the horizon. The Diwali celebration was on. They galloped forth and reached the palace only minutes after their bodyguards had returned from Mitrapuri to report that the prince and the princess had not arrived at their destination. That had shocked the king and the queen.

"Father! Keep your astonishment bottled up for a while. Let us rejoice on this grand night that commemorates the victory of the good over the bad!" said the prince.

The king embraced his charming children.

—Devapriyo.



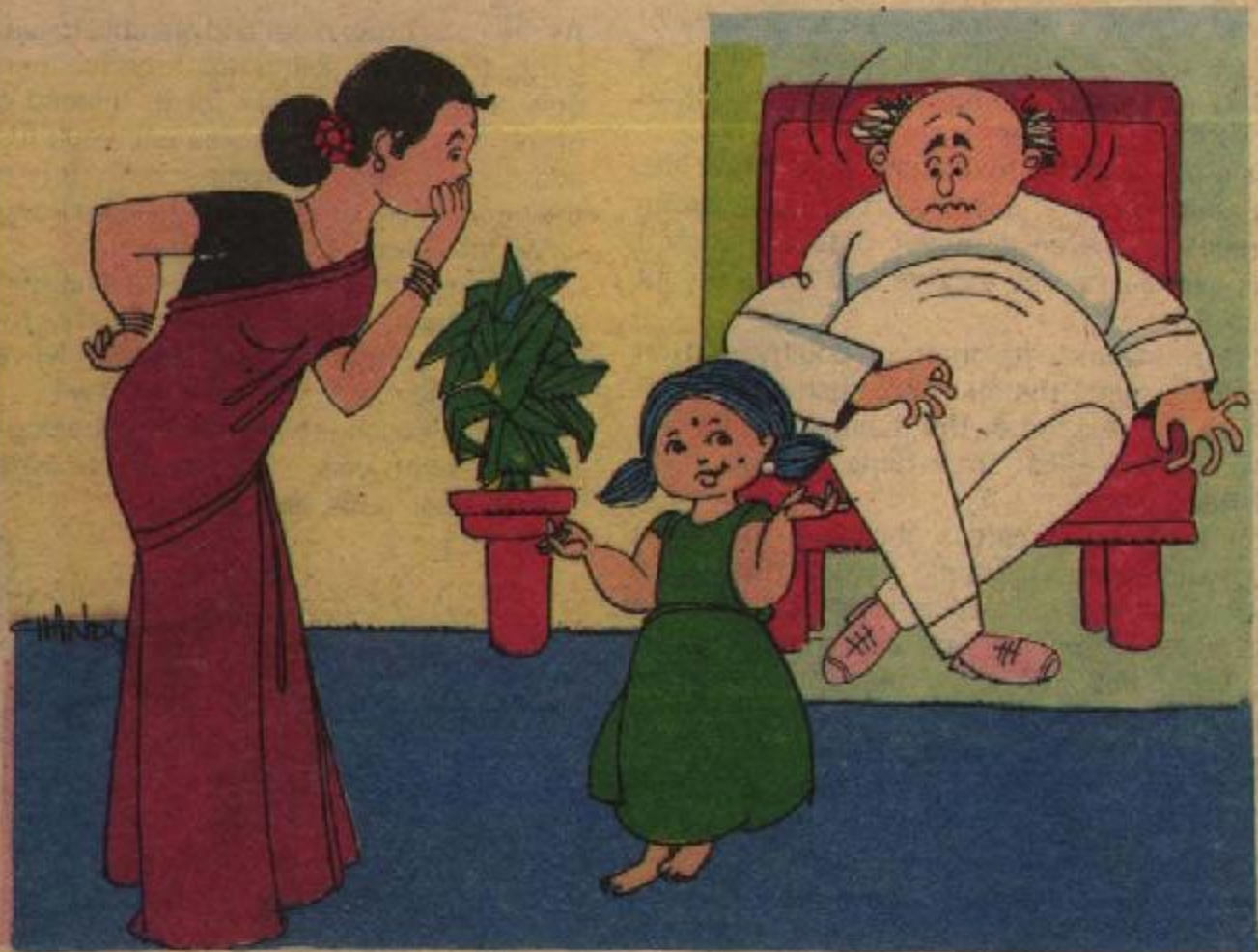
CORRECTING THE MOTHER'S IDEA

The little Guddy had the habit of commenting on the physical peculiarity of every visitor to their house. One day her mother warned her, "The one to call on us today is Mrs. Smith whose nose and eyes are very small. Don't comment on them, for Heaven's sake!"

Guddy kept quiet the whole time of Mrs. Smith's presence in their house.

"And today, Guddy, you must keep quiet on Mr. Mahajan's tummy. He is coming for tea," mother warned the next day.

As soon as Mr. Mahajan arrived, Guddy exclaimed, "Mummy, mummy, what a wrong idea you had of Mr. Mahajan! You thought he had a small tummy, didn't you? Come out and see for yourself, he has a tummy like a mountain that can contain gallons of tea!"



A shortage of food in the countryside is forcing foxes to venture into towns and cities for their prey

A tale that seems too amazing to be true is told of three old dog-foxes which, when the huntsmen were out, would take it in turns to lead the hounds a dance. When the first was tired, it would lead the pack to the second fox which would rush off with the hounds on its tail. When it was weary, this fox would lead the hounds to a third, and so on.

This may sound unlikely, but if any creature is capable of playing such a trick, then it is the fox. Foxes grow more wily as they age and a hunted fox will try all sorts of things to throw the hounds off the scent, such as running through a herd of cattle or along the tops of narrow walls, making it difficult for the hounds to follow.

In fact, a fox needs to be wily if it is to survive. It has angered so many farmers and poultry owners by its raids on lambs and chickens that it has become one of the farmer's worst enemies.

Its life has also been made harder by the spread of towns and the increased amount of broiler-house poultry farming—also known as battery farming—that has deprived the fox of the farmyard chicken.

One result is that foxes have penetrated into towns in search of food, such as back-garden chickens and even domestic pets, although it has been claimed by experts that foxes do not attack cats.

But apart from its theft of poultry and an occasional lamb, the fox is not such a pest as it is often claimed to be. The main part of its diet consists of beetles, small birds, berries, mice and hedgehogs.

For the greater part of the year, foxes are solitary creatures. Then, in December and January, the dog-fox can be heard barking in the woods, while the vixen makes her high pitched call. From this, we know that their breeding season is drawing near.

Soon the cubs are born. The vixen stays in her 'earth', as the foxes' resting place is called. There she has stripped the hair from her front to make a rough nest for the cubs.

On the day the cubs are born, the dog-fox begins carrying food in his mouth to the earth for the vixen to eat.

He makes an unusual call, a short, high-

NATURE'S KINGDOM

THE FOX IS COMING TO TOWN

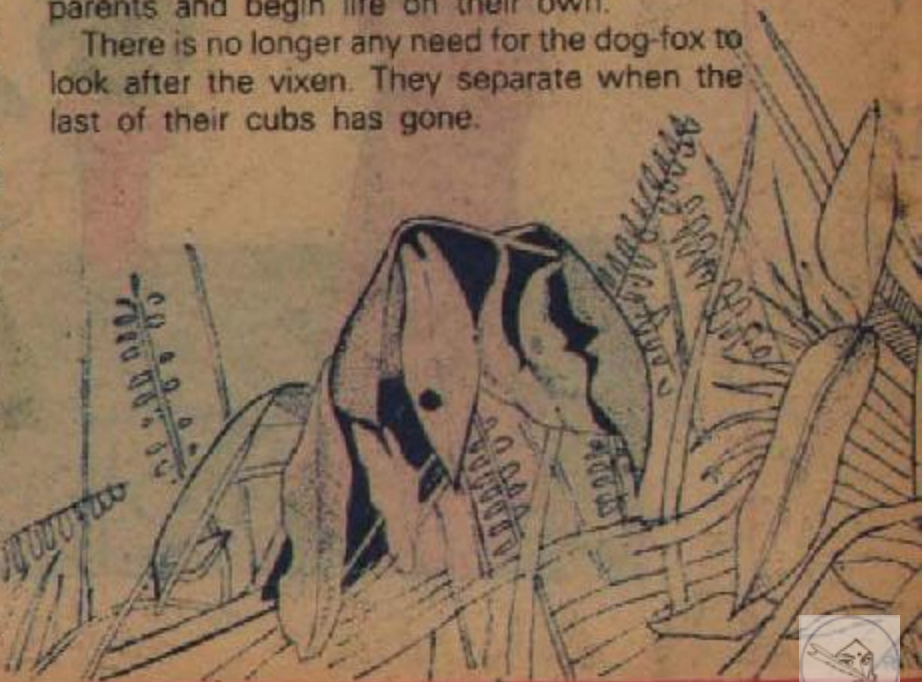
pitched yelp. The vixen hears it and puts her head out at the entrance to her 'earth.' On seeing her, the dog-fox drops all the food in front of her and takes none until she has had all that she needs.

Lone Wanderers

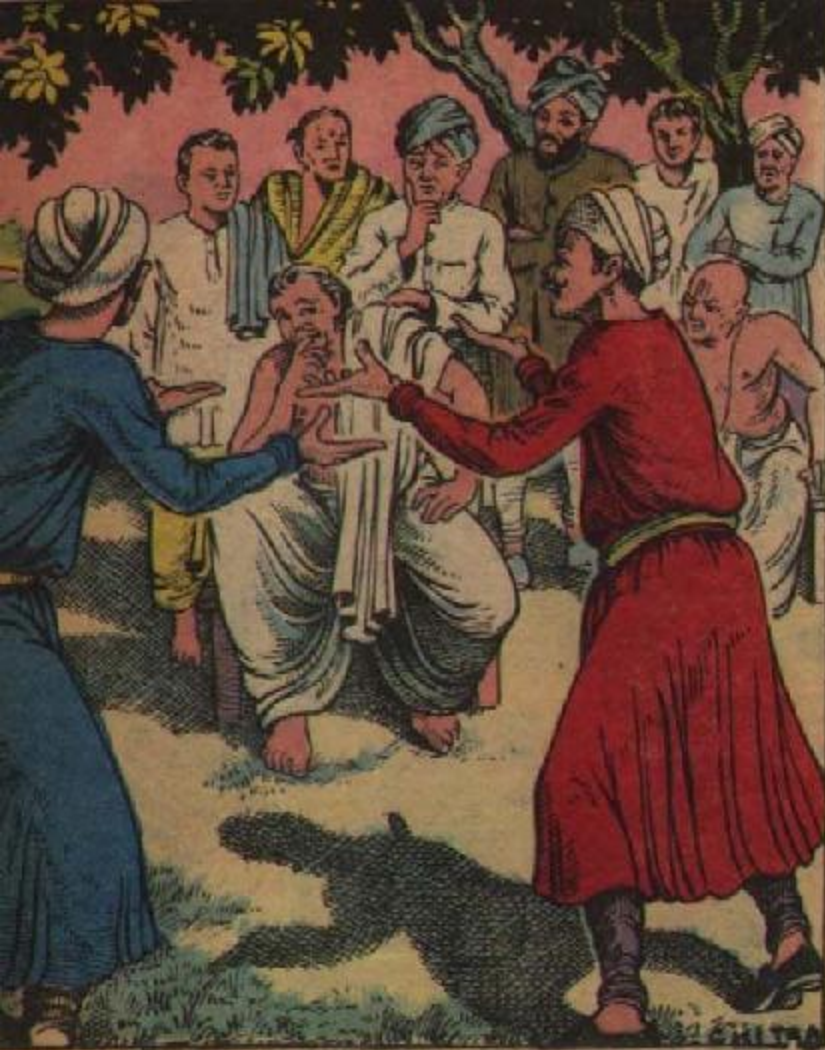
As the cubs grow older and are able to leave the earth, the father still brings food for them, but now they have to work for it. Instead of just giving it to them, he makes each cub jump up and seize a piece from his mouth. It is part of their education for the future to learn how to get what they want by working for it.

These are the first steps in training that goes on for about three months. Finally, the day comes when the cubs are ready to leave their parents and begin life on their own.

There is no longer any need for the dog-fox to look after the vixen. They separate when the last of their cubs has gone.







The Magic Scissors

Most of them confessed to their guilt at the sight of the scissors. That made the trials easy.

One day two traders picked up a quarrel. The first one complained to the king that he had deposited a hundred gold coins with the second while going abroad for business. On his return the second trader denied having kept the amount.

The king summoned the two. The first one put forth his complaint. But the second said, "Your Majesty, I know nothing about his trip abroad; I know nothing about his money!"

His blunt denial of the matter made the king thoughtful. He ordered them to proceed to the magic scissors.

This pleased the first trader. But the second trader too looked equally pleased.

The king and his nobles were surprised to see that both reacted equally.

In days gone by the ruler of a kingdom in the Kalinga empire had introduced a strange system of trial. He had received a pair of magic scissors from a Yogi. He had kept the scissors hanging in a large hall. When two men quarrelling on some issue came to him, he asked each of them to keep his hands between the blades of the scissors and to say loudly what he had to say. If he spoke a lie, the blades of the scissors snapped of their own and the fellow lost his hands. If the scissors did not move it was understood that the man spoke the truth.

People dreaded the scissors.

The time for the trial was fixed. A crowd collected in the hall. The king was not there. His nobles conducted the business.

The first trader advanced close to the scissors and placed his hands between the blades and spoke aloud, "I deposited a hundred gold coins with this friend of mine and went abroad. He now denies having kept my money. I say this is treachery. If I am accusing him falsely, let me be punished."

The scissors did not move. People applauded. They accepted his complaint as true.

All looked at the second trader. Surprisingly, there was no sign of fear on his face.

The nobles asked him to prove his innocence. He advanced, holding a large stick. Near the scissors he handed over the stick to the first trader so that his own hands were free. Then he extended his hands and, addressing the scissors, said, "This man says that I have kept his money. But I say that his money is with him—not with me. If I am bluffing, cut off my hands."

The crowd expected the scissors to act. But nothing hap-

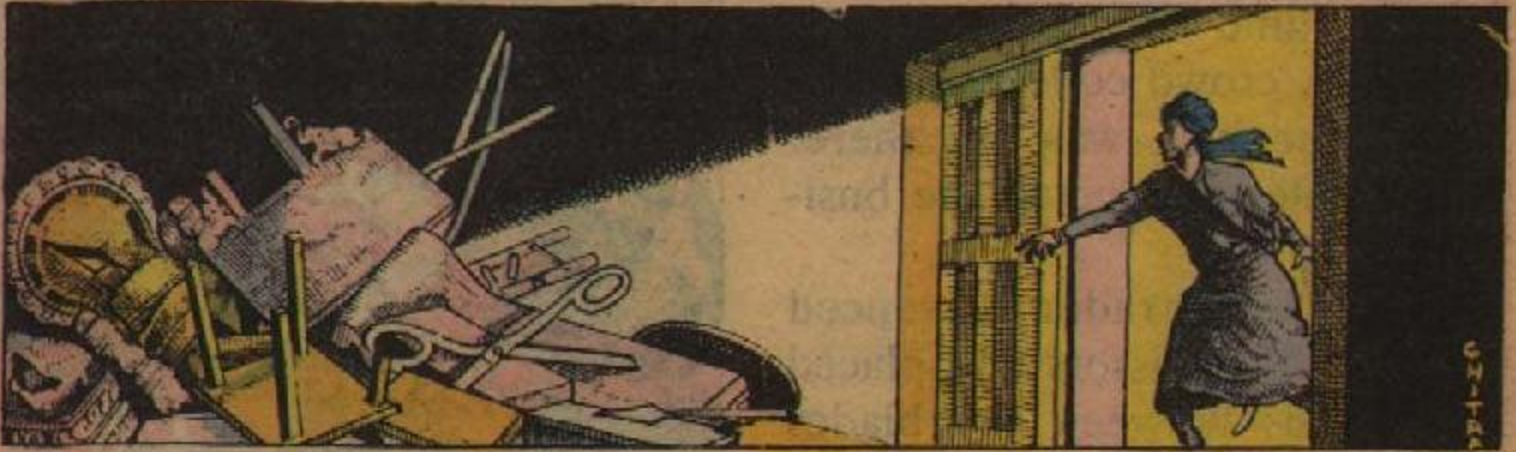


pened. The defendant took away his hands and then took back his stick from the accuser and began walking away proudly.

The people felt puzzled. Both the traders could not be speaking the truth. One of them must be lying. How did the scissors remain idle in both the cases? "The pair of scissors has lost its magic virtue, I'm afraid," said a noble. Many people seemed to agree with him.

Suddenly an old noble shouted at the defendant, "Wait a moment." The man stopped. The noble snatched the stick from his hand and broke it. To





everyone's surprise and amusement, gold coins poured out of it!

It was now clear why the scissors did not work in his case. At the moment when he said that the accuser's money was with the accuser, the stick with all the money was in the accuser's hand!

There was much praise for the old noble. The king rewarded him and punished the clever liar, but he also ordered for the scissors to be removed and dumped in his archives. He had realised that the scissors could not be the absolutely correct means of determining the truth in a case.

CONTEST FOR NOVEMBER '83

Some day somebody must have been kind to you at a moment when it mattered most. Let us share your experience. The title is "The Kindness I Remember". Please do not exceed 150 words and state the no. of words used.

Entries should reach the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 on or before the 15th of November. A reward of Rs. 50.00 will go to the winner. When there are more than one winner, each will get a reward of Rs. 25.00.



*New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire*

A Strange Marriage

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Roars of thunder subdued the howl of jackals and hyenas, as well as the eerie laughter of ghosts. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, your conduct only shows how difficult it is to understand human mind and behaviour. I know of characters as puzzling as yourself. Let me give you an example. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on: "This happened long ago when King Virbahu ruled Ayodhya. A robber became a menace to the



city. He regularly stole from the houses of the wealthy merchants. He did his work so stealthily and craftily that the king's police could not capture him, however hard they tried.

One day a delegation of merchants met the young king and said, "Your Majesty, how to carry on our trade smoothly if we were constantly threatened by the robber? This one seems to be extremely clever. He knows when a merchant has a good deal of money with him or when he has precious goods deposited in his house."

The king assured them that he will do the needful to put an end

to the menace.

After the delegation left, the young king grew very pensive. His police officers had already proved ineffective. He could not depend on them. He took a chance; he slipped into the disguise of a villager and went out into the city alone.

At the centre of the city was a park. He loitered near it. Soon he could know that someone was watching him. He then moved in such a way as if he was trying to hide.

Suddenly a young man sprang up before him. "What are you doing here?" asked the stranger.

The king answered haltingly, "I am—I am—looking for my way into the city."

The stranger laughed. "My friend, you're a thief, but you're from the village. You don't know how to move about in the city. Am I right?" he asked, taking the king's hand in his firm grip.

The king was an excellent actor. "Well, I'm a poor man. I've come here to look for some means of income," he stammered out.

"I know what kind of means you're looking for. Never mind,



I'll give you a simple work. It is to guard a house at a lonely place. You'll be paid well. Are you willing to take up the job?" asked the stranger.

"I'm most willing, Sir!"

The stranger led the disguised king into the nearby forest. Amidst the forest stood a house. On entering it the king was amazed to see the wealth stored there. They were all stolen goods.

"I must warn you about one thing. If ever you go away without my permission or if ever you speak a word about this house to anyone, you'll die!" warned the robber.

"Very well," said the king.

"I'm going out. I should be back by dawn. Keep awake. You can sleep during the day."

The robber went out of the house. The king followed him under the pretext of locking the door. Standing outside the door, he raised his right hand. That was enough. At some distance awaited eight most efficient soldiers in groups of two. They had followed their king from the very start. They understood the king's signal and at once pounced upon the robber. He struggled to escape, but in



vain. His hands bound, he was dragged to the palace.

In the morning it was found out that the robber was none other than Viswadev, a young merchant. He had some business deal with Suvarnadutta, the greatest and the most respectable merchant in the city. At Suvarnadutta's house Viswadev used to meet all the respectable traders of the city and used to learn of their conditions. When he gathered that someone had received some money from another or had collected gold or diamond for sale, he burgled his house.

The king ordered that Vis-



wadev be put to death by hanging. Hundreds flanked the road to see the robber being led for execution. Suvarnadutta and his only daughter Kanakalata were on the roof of their house. When Kanakalata learnt that it was Viswadev who was being led to die, she burst out into a cry and told her father, "Stop his execution by any means. I have decided to marry him!"

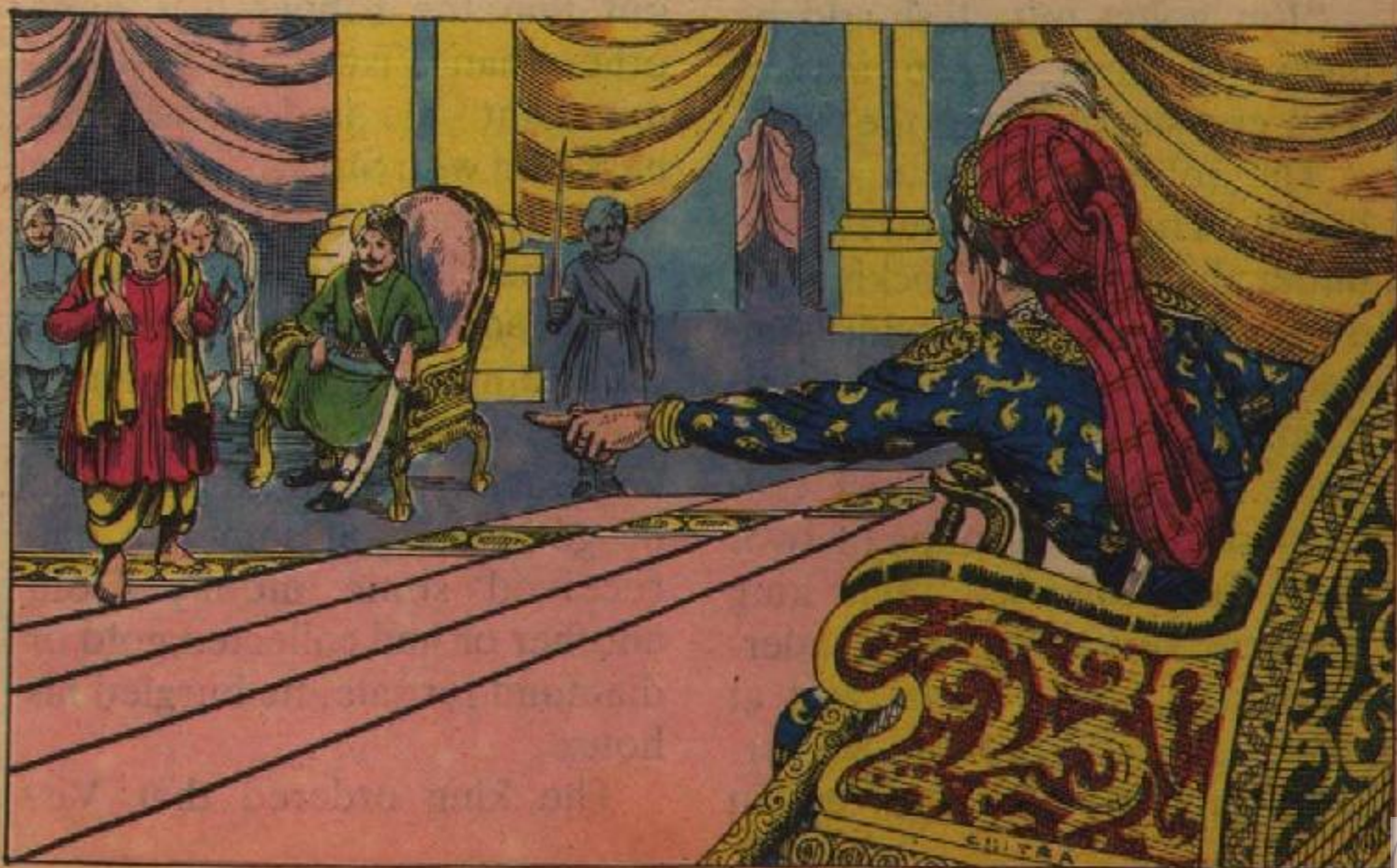
Suvarnadutta was taken aback. His daughter was extremely charming and intelligent and she was his heir. As such all the eligible youths of the city, including those of the noblest of families, desired to

marry her. But his daughter had set her heart upon a robber! Suvarnadutta felt like going mad. He loved his mother-less daughter more than his own life. At the same time the girl's confession came to him like a bolt from the blue!

He rushed to the king and said, "My lord, grant pardon to Viswadev in exchange for a million gold coins, for my daughter desires to marry him."

The king was surprised. But he said, "I cannot do that. If I pardon a criminal for money, I shall go down in people's memory as a greedy chap. Sorry!"

The merchant returned dis-



appointed to his daughter and told her that his effort to save Viswadev had failed.

"Father, in that case let Viswadev marry me first and then climb the gallows," said Kanakalata.

There was no time to lose. The merchant rushed to the execution ground along with his daughter and a priest. They reached the ground a second after the hangman had pulled the rope to kill the convict. The merchant cut the rope with his knife. When challenged by the hangman, he told him of his daughter's desire and assured him that they will not stand in

the way of Viswadev being hanged again after the brief marriage ceremony.

Viswadev was still conscious though he was dying. The merchant whispered to him, "Listen, Viswadev, you surely know that my daughter desired to marry you. Will you accept her as your wife?"

Viswadev opened his eyes and nodded consent. The priest took his hand and joined it to Kanakalata's and recited a hymn and declared the ceremony over.

It was seen that tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying robber. Next moment he



laughed. Then he breathed his last.

A pyre was made ready for burning the corpse. Suddenly Kanakalata jumped into the flames. At that out of the flames appeared Kalavairav, a godly being, and said to Kanakalata, "You have set a lofty example in love. What boon do you wish to have?"

"My husband's life, of course!" said Kanakalata.

"Very well. His time was really not up. Someone's genuine goodwill could tide him over the danger that was in his destiny. Your goodwill has done that," said Kalavairav.

Viswadev and Kanakalata came out of the pyre. The king and everybody else were deeply impressed by the incident. Viswadev got royal pardon and he lived an honourable life along

with his wife, Kanakalata.

The Vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, why did the dying Viswadev shed tears first and why did he laugh thereafter? Answer, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Viswadev wept because of Kanakalata's misfortune. Then he laughed at the inspiring thought that there were spirited persons like Kanakalata who proved true to their love even in extremely critical situations!"

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his reply than the Vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

(Adapted from the original Vetal Panchavimshati)



The Pleasant Company!

It was a Saturday evening and Grandpa Chowdhury was driving Rajesh towards the lake. This was one of the luxuries he had promised Rajesh, but the promise rarely fruited. Not because there was any lack of willingness in Grandpa but Rajesh himself was often missing during Saturday evenings.

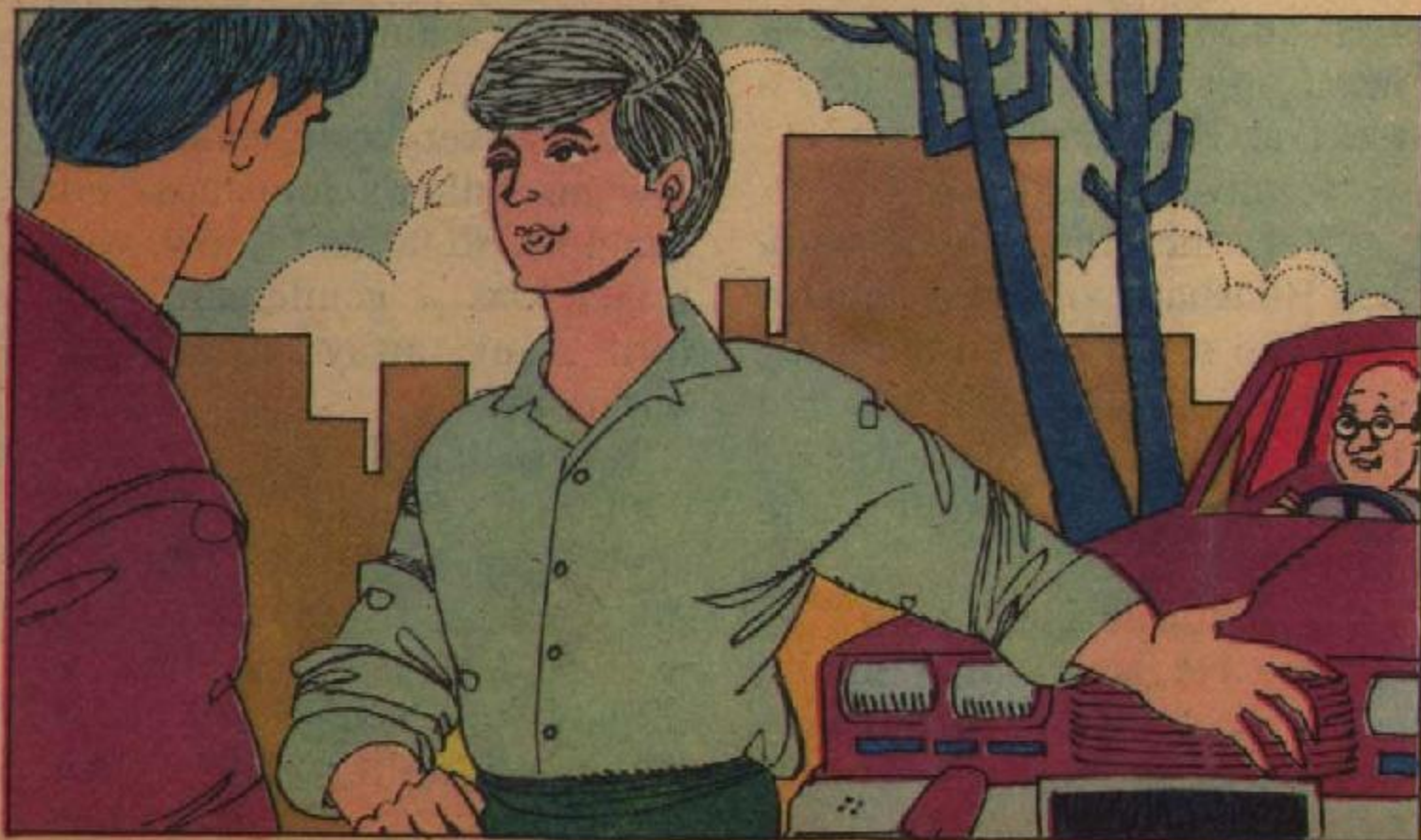
"Grandpa, will you please stop for a second? I can see Kumar on the pavement. I wish to talk to him for a moment."

Rajesh sounded anxious.

Grandpa slowed down and came to a prompt halt. The screech attracted Kumar. He recognised the car and was near it in a bound.

"What are you heading for, Rajesh? I was on my way to you!"

"I'm sorry, but we'll meet next Saturday!" Rajesh was apologetic. He introduced the young man to his grandfather. After exchanging a few pleasantries, they bade goodbye to each





other. Prof. Chowdhury drove on.

"Kumar, my new friend, visits our town only on week-ends. His uncle is here. Kumar is intelligent and witty and it is a treat to hear him."

"Really?"

"Yeh, the other day he snubbed Bhushan—our best debator and who stood first in the essay competition—in such a way that Bhushan was on the verge of tears! Kumar does not spare anybody."

"Didn't Bhushan rebuff?"

"No. He is not that intelligent. He speaks or writes very well when he is prepared."

They had reached the lake. They parked the car and began taking a stroll.

"Rajesh, have you heard of Thomas Moore, the poet?"

"I've even read a couple of his poems!"

"Fine. Once he was taken into a club as its member. Most of the club members were aristocrats. Some of them did not like Moore, who came of an ordinary family, to become a member of their club. One lord walked up to him and asked, 'Is it true that your father was only a shop-keeper?' Moore replied, 'Right—and an honest one.' 'Good', said the lord. 'Now, may I ask why you did not follow his footsteps?' Moore replied with calm, 'I did not have that talent.' After a pause, he added, 'Everybody cannot follow his father's footsteps. For example, so far as I know, your father was a gentleman!' The lord slunk away at Moore's observation."

Rajesh laughed.

"I wish, Bhushan could also snub Kumar who, as you say, does not spare anybody. See, my child, the surest way to dispaly one's inferiority is to find fault with others," said



Grandpa. "And never believe that those who are sharp-tongued are necessarily intelligent and those who cannot find a ready rebuff are unintelligent."

Both settled down on a bench.

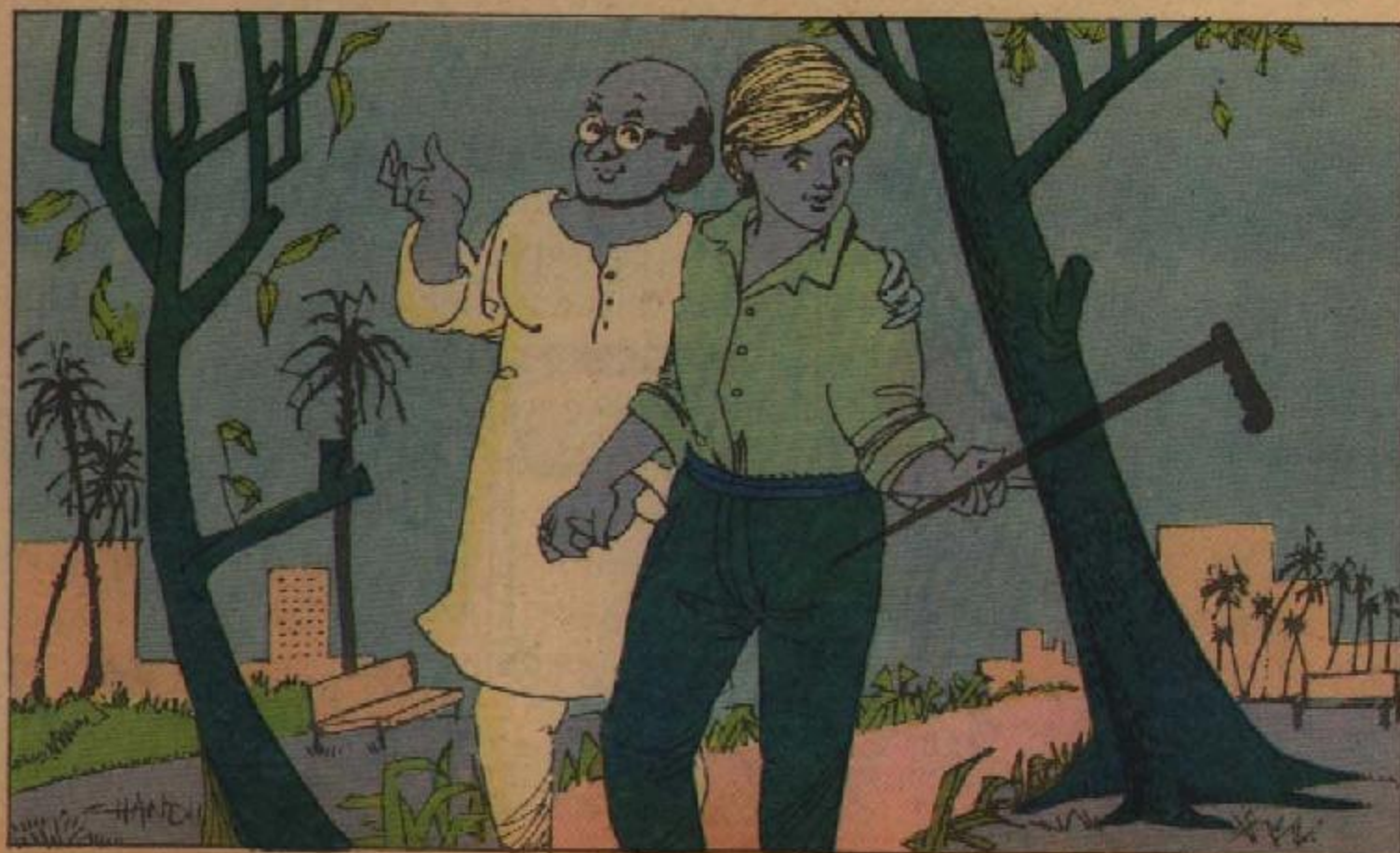
"It is true," Rajesh admitted haltingly, "Kumar never finds anything good in anyone. Better I avoid his company."

"It is said that he who does not see anything good in anybody has nothing good in himself. But that cannot be quite true. There is nobody who is totally bad. But one can neglect or forget one's own strength by

always focusing on others' weaknesses. So far your being in Kumar's company is concerned, it is a different thing. If you feel that in his company you also begin to take pleasure in finding fault with others, you may avoid him. But if you are strong enough to change him, to develop in him a positive outlook and sympathy for others, you will do him and the society a service!" Grandpa said.

"Then perhaps he will start avoiding me!" Rajesh observed smilingly.

"Maybe, if he is unfortunate," commented the old professor.



A Midnight Adventure

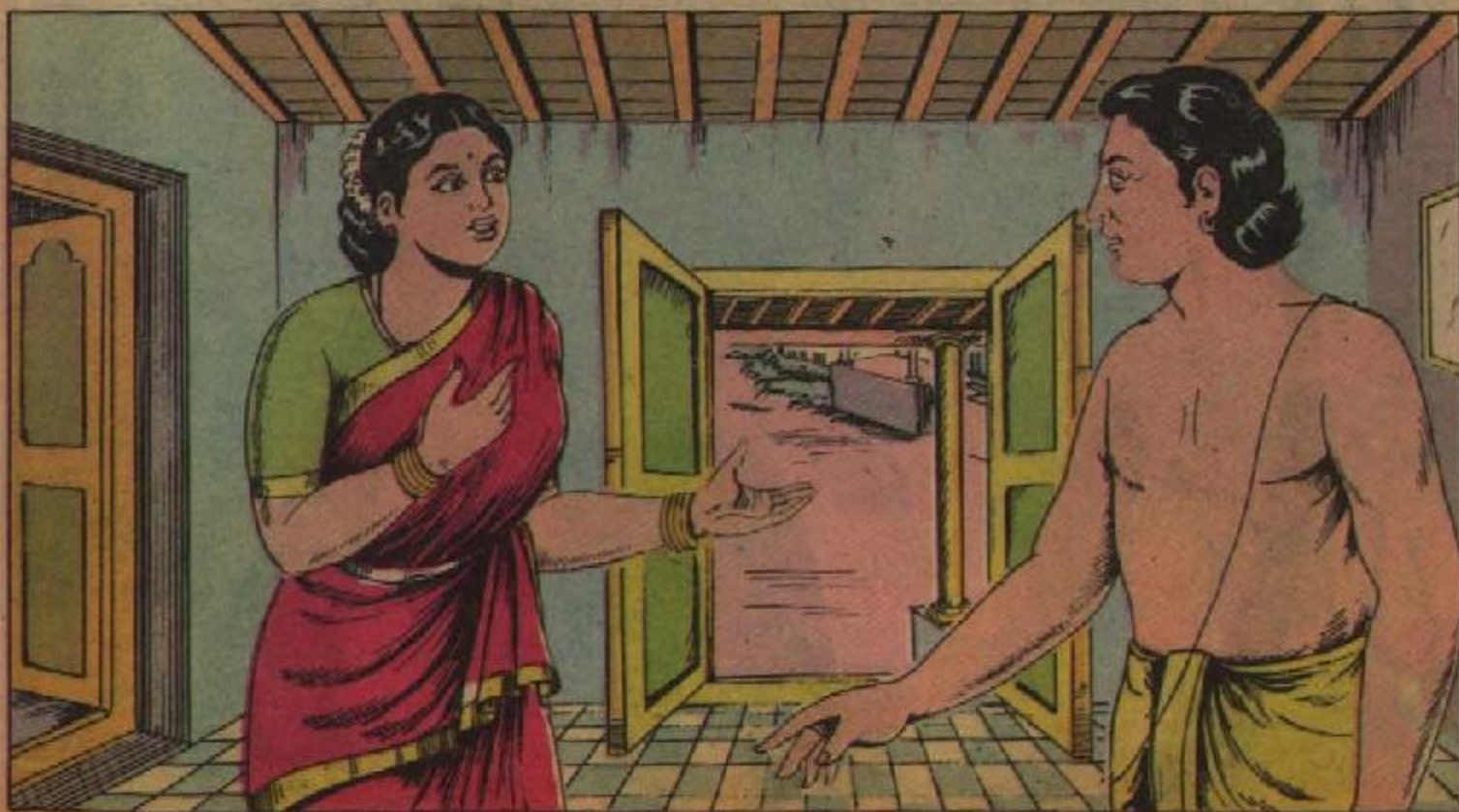
The poor Brahmin had a poorer neighbour—a woodcutter. But to the Brahmin's surprise, the woodcutter's condition began to improve day by day. He abandoned his hut and built a decent house and bought a plot of land and grew a variety of vegetables on it. He and his family-members put on fine clothes and now and then the woodcutter laughed wildly.

But there was something even more surprising. The woodcutter was no longer seen going to

the forest for cutting wood. He no longer carried logs to the bazar for selling them.

"I'll soon find out the mystery of our neighbour's prosperity," the Brahmin was told by his wife. The lady, who was quite friendly towards the woodcutter's wife, became even more friendly with her.

"Look here, Brahmin, I've found out how our neighbour is growing rich. His wife has confidentially told me everything," the lady one day told her husband. The curious Brahmin felt



quite amazed to learn the story which, in brief, was like this:

Months ago it rained continuously for several days. The woodcutter found no dry wood to sell. He and his family spent the little money they had saved on food. At last one day they went without any food.

At night a strange idea flashed through the woodcutter's mind. There was an old temple on the river-bank. The big image of the deity was made of wood. The woodcutter managed to enter the temple and raised his axe to cut down the image. It could yield him bagfuls of dry chips.

"Stop!" said a voice. "All you want is money. Have a dip in

the river every Monday before sunrise. When you get up, you'll find a gold coin in your grip."

The happy woodcutter followed the practice. Since then he was earning a gold coin every Monday!

"Now the way to prosperity is wide open before us. All you've to do is enter the temple and raise your axe to cut down the Lord's image. The boon of a gold coin a week will follow!" said the Brahmin's wife.

The Brahmin overcame his initial hesitation and entered the temple at midnight. He was full of remorse for what he was going to do. With trepidations in heart, he raised his axe, standing before the deity.



No voice came forth. He lowered the axe and raised it once again, pretending to be more serious with his purpose.

But in the flickering light of the lamp he saw the face of the deity. A terrible fear overtook him. He fell down and swooned away.

"My child, you are my devotee. Must you imitate the ignorant act of your foolish neighbour? In his foolishness, the woodcutter could have struck my image, because for him this was only wood. But could you do the same? No. And why do you expect the Lord's conduct to be the same to both? Had you struck me, you would have been a sinner,

for you know what the image means. It is different with the woodcutter. He does not know," a voice told the Brahmin in his half-conscious condition.

The Brahmin regained consciousness and returned home.

"What happened?" asked an anxious wife—who too had grown extremely remorseful after sending her husband on that unusual mission.

"I'm lucky that I heard the Lords' voice. So far as our poor condition is concerned, we must take it as the Lord's Blessing whatever it is," said the Brahmin.

His wife nodded.



Catching The Fish By Tail

In a certain forest lived a vixen or a she-fox. Well, for convenience, let us call her just a fox. Right?

She had a little cub. Now, the fox and the cub had a cosy little home in a cave hidden by bushes.

One day the fox went out along with her cub, teaching the little one how to run. When she returned, she saw a wolf lying in her cave.

"Mr. Wolf, I'm happy to have a guest like you. How long do

you propose to rest here?" asked the fox.

"An hour or two or three or four or five or six..."

"Mr. Wolf, you're welcome to be here till it is evening. Then you must leave, for I have a little cub and I need my cave for its sake."

"We'll see!"

The fox and the cub went away. They returned in the evening and saw their cave vacated by the wolf. "Good. Be here. I shall be back with some





food," said the fox.

But, on her return, she was aghast to see the wolf lying in the cave again.

"Where is my cub, Mr. Wolf?"

"I threw it away. It is dead, I'm afraid. If you draw close, you'll meet with the same treatment!" said the wolf.

The fox ran madly here and there and soon found her cub which was almost dying. She did everything possible to revive it. Then she found out another shelter and built a bed for her child there and lay guarding it.

By the morning she was sure that the cub was going to live.

Now she decided to do her best to win her cave back from the wicked wolf.

She knew that by noon fishermen crossed the forest, their sledges loaded with fish. She lay by the roadside, sprawling and feigning to be dead.

"Here is a fox. It is dead, but fresh. Let's carry it," a fisherman told his companion. They hurled her into their wagon filled with fish.

The fox started throwing fish out of the sledge. After some time she jumped out herself and collected the scattered fish and began eating them.

Before long she attracted the wolf's attention.

"Delicious! How did you get them?" the wolf asked.

"How does one get fish? One has to catch, of course!" replied the fox.

"You're speaking sense. But how?"

"We animals cannot catch fish by our legs. But don't we have our tails?"

"Right. But how to use the tail for catching fish?" asked the wolf eagerly.

"Don't tell me you don't know! Why! All you've to do is dip your tail in a hole in the



frozen river and sit quiet for a few hours! Then a swarm of fish will see the tail and one by one they will bite it. You have to pull out your tail every time a fish catches it, dash the fish on the ground and dip it again!" said the fox.

The wolf was by the riverside in a few bounds. He located an ice hole and dipped his tail into it and kept sitting patiently.

Hours passed and unknown to the wolf, his tail got frozen and stuck in the ice firmly as during the chilly night the hole disappeared!

"No luck, so far, eh?" at dawn the fox asked the wolf.

"No, but are you sure this is the way to catch fish?" asked

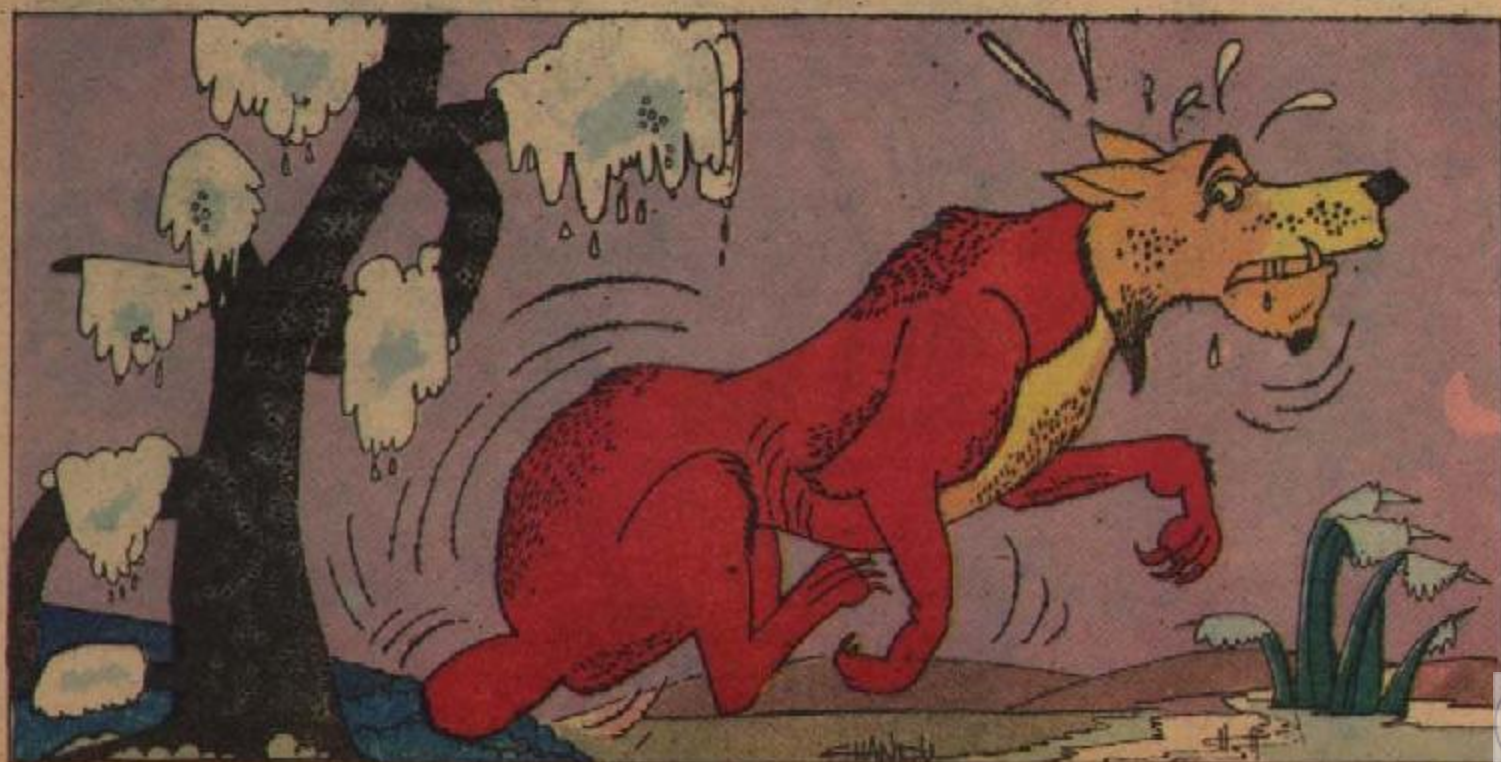
the wolf.

"I'm sure that this is the way a cruel creature like you ought to be punished. For your information, the fishermen will be here soon!"

The wolf howled in fear and then tried to free his tail from the ice. He could not and he howled louder.

That attracted the fishermen who were already approaching the river. It was a quite funny sight for them to see a wolf caught like that.

The wolf struggled to free his tail with all his might. At last he made good his escape, but leaving his tail in the grip of the ice. The tail-less wolf was never seen again in that area.



The Dancing Goat

In days gone by Rohitpur was a big bazar if not a town. There was a very wealthy money-lender in the bazar, but he was ruthless towards his debtors. He knew no kindness. As a result he grew so unpopular in the area that he decided to shift his house and business to the town.

Some poor families who had failed to pay his debts lost their houses to him. The houses were put to auction. The money-lender sent his young son to

Rohitpur to realise the money.

The son thought himself to be very clever and very smart. "Any father should be proud of a son like me," he often told himself, and was surprised that his father did not seem to be quite proud on that account.

The young man stayed at Rohitpur for a week and realised all the money. It was the day before he was to start for the town that he received a message from his father. It said that excellent goats were avail-



able at Rohitpur. He should bring the finest one he can find—whatever be its price.

Rajat went to the goat-market. In those days a goat was available for about a rupee. He looked for what should be the finest goat and when he found the best one in the market, the seller quoted its price as three rupees.

"Is this the best goat?" asked Rajat.

"I am sure it is—next to those goats with the wizard," replied the seller.

"What do you mean by goats with the wizard?"

"Have you not heard about

the gypsy wizard who is camping just outside the bazar? He has goats the like of which you will see nowhere in the world."

The young man proceeded to the wizard's camp. "I've a goat that can do acrobatics. You've to pay me twenty rupees if you wish to see it," said the wizard.

He was curious about the acrobat goat. He paid the fee demanded and saw the goat. It could walk on a rope and it could climb a pole and could do many such tricks.

The young man was impressed. "How much will you expect as its price?"

"A thousand rupees if at all I



am to sell it," replied the gypsy.

"A thousand rupees for a goat!"

"What will you say if you hear the price of my singing goat?"

"Singing goat? Come, come, don't say that you've a goat that can sing!" Rajat expressed disbelief.

"I have. If you wish to hear it sing, you've to pay me a hundred rupees."

The young man agreed to pay the amount. The gypsy brought the second goat out of his tent and asked it to sing. To Rajat's total surprise the goat sang like a human being and sang very well.

"What is its price?"

"Five thousand rupees?"

"That is all I have with me!"

"So what? How many singing goats have you seen? Besides, its price is certainly less than the other goat I have—the one that can sing as well as dance," said the wizard.

"Can I see it?"

"Yes, for a fee of two hundred rupees."

The young man agreed to pay and saw the third goat that was gaudily dressed. It could dance on two legs and sing too. The feat was just incredible.

"What do you expect for this one?"



"Ten thousand."

"That is too much."

"No, not too much when whoever owns it can earn at the rate I am earning, by making it perform before others."

The young man kept thinking. Had his father heard of these goats that he sent him word to buy one? Even otherwise his father should be happy when he returns with the miracle goat: They can do thriving business with it in the town!

He bargained and bought the dancing goat for eight thousand rupees though that meant his spending to his last coin.

It was embarrassing to ask anyone there to loan him any money, for everybody knew that he had received a lot of money. He did not wish to disclose to anybody his deal with the wizard and his owning the dancing goat.

He could not hire any coach because the coachmen demanded a part of their due in advance. He started for the town on foot, dragging the goat along.

Hungry and tired, he reached his new home in the town by the evening. "Here is the most wonderful goat in the world," he announced to his father.



"Let's see how it tastes," said the father, "I have invited the magistrate and the mayor for dinner tomorrow!"

"No, no, no!" shrieked the son. "This is not for serving us as meat. This will bring us fortune as nothing else has done. Wait for your guests to arrive tomorrow. They will see the most incredible feat. The word will reach the king and he won't mind to half empty his treasure in order to buy it from us!"

The son spoke with such enthusiasm that the father believed that there was something really special with the goat.



Next day he bought another goat for the feast. When the important guests arrived, it was announced that they were to be treated to a strange show before being entertained to the dinner. Soon the young man brought out the goat. Before the curious audience, he commanded it to dance and sing!

Minutes passed. The goat did nothing. The young man shouted and sweated. His father's face turned red with embarrassment and some people began to laugh.

"Young man, I hope, you've not fallen a prey to the gypsy wizard's tricks!" said the magis-

trate.

The young man gaped at him. "Of course I bought it from a gypsy wizard!" he stammered out.

"You've been fooled, young man. He makes goats perform tricks by his sorcery, but once separated from him, the goat is an ordinary goat!" commented the magistrate.

It took a long time for the young man and his father to recover from the shock. Probably they never recovered fully.

"Ill-gotten money goes away in no time!" some people whispered.

—M.D.





STORY OF INDIA-83 SUNSET OVER THE MUGHAL EMPIRE

Worried over the rise of the Marathas, Aurangzeb spent twenty-six years in the Deccan, trying to crush them, while his absence from the capital weakened the administration. One of his sons, Akbar, rebelled against him and fled to Persia. Sad and disappointed Aurangzeb breathed his last at Ahmednagar in 1707.

At once rivalry among his sons burst into a bloody clash. The eldest prince Muazzam killed his two younger brothers and occupied the throne and took the name, Bahadur Shah. He died in 1712. Muazzam's eldest son, Jahandar Shah killed his three younger brothers and declared himself the emperor.



Jahandar lasted but a year. His nephew Farruksiyar killed him and occupied the throne. Soon two ambitious brothers, notorious as the Sayeed Brothers, usurped all the power and set puppets on the throne—killing at their sweet will one after another three "emperors"!



At last Muhammad Shah whom they had enthroned got the Sayeed brothers killed. But by then, informed of the chaos in Delhi, Nadir Shah, the monarch of Persia, was planning to invade the city. Soon he entered India with a huge army and a host of greedy officials.

Muhammad Shah neither sought the help of the Rajputs nor was he capable of putting forth any resistance worth the name to the invader. Nadir Shah walked into Delhi after routing a disorganised Mughal army. Muhammad Shah was obliged to receive him with a show of respect.



Nadir Shah was enjoying life in Delhi and his soldiers were moving about arrogantly. Then a rumour spread that Nadir had died. The people of Delhi grew joyous. Some of them teased the Persian soldiers and, when a quarrel broke out, killed a few of them.

On hearing this, the furious Nadir Shah ordered his soldiers to plunder houses, kill the citizens and destroy the bazars and buildings. In one day 30,000 men, women and children were slain and their property looted. Never had Delhi known such a massacre.



They set fire to bazars and buildings. Beautiful houses went up in flames. Monument after monument was destroyed. Horror spread everywhere and anybody who came before the invaders was brutally murdered. The magnificent Delhi was reduced to a ghost city.

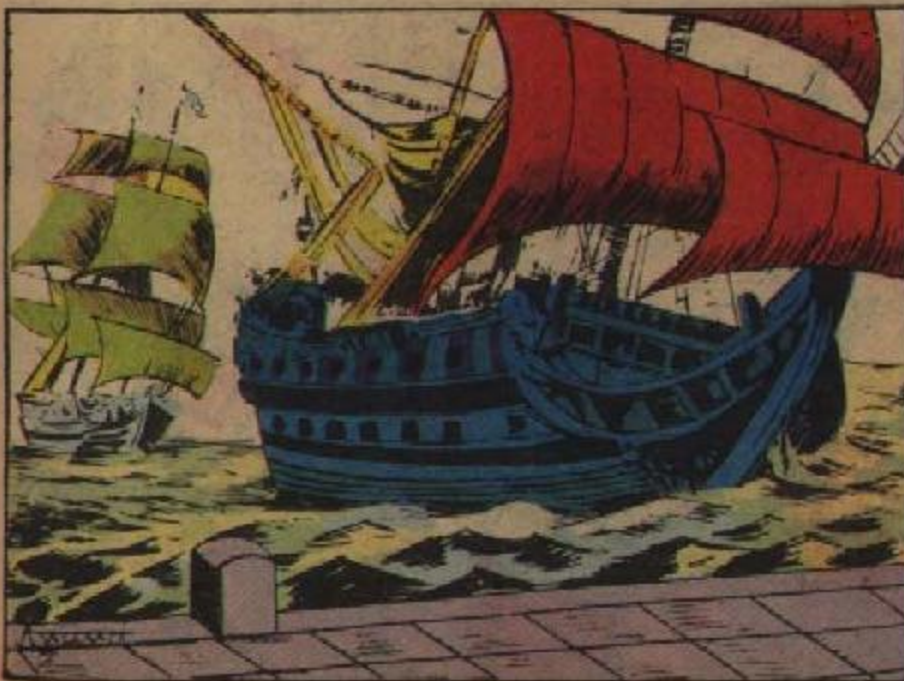
Nadir Shah carried 30 crores in cash apart from huge quantities of gold, pearls, different jewels and diamonds. He also took away the legendary Peacock Throne made by Shah Jahan. Besides he led 1,000 elephants, 7,000 horses, 10,000 camels and a large number of craftsmen.





Nadir Shah looked for the legendary diamond Koh-i-nur. Every nook and corner of the Mughal palace was searched. At last, it is believed, a palace official confidentially informed Nadir Shah where it was! Muhammad Shah had kept it hidden inside the turban he wore.

Nadir Shah, it is said, proposed to Muhammad Shah, "Let us exchange our turbans as a mark of friendship!" He then took away Muhammad Shah's turban himself. His own worthless turban he gave to the sad and hapless Mughal. Thus he came to possess the Koh-i-noor.



Nadir Shah left Delhi—leaving the city bleeding and prostrate. He also meted out the deathblow to the Mughal dynasty. In the meanwhile new forces were emerging on the Indian horizon. They were the French and the English merchants, for whom India meant a mine of wealth.

A CLEAN GAIN

Anand was a gambler. What was worse, he lost almost every time he gambled. All his income from his lands and his shop goes in that.

One night he returned home looking very jolly.

"You look quite bright! Did you by any chance win a couple of coins in gambling today?" asked his wife.

"Couple of coins? Must you call a clean gain of two thousand rupees a couple of coins?" rebuffed Anand.

His wife was surprised. "Let me see the money!" she said.

"How foolish of you! Is there any law that the gain has to be visible? It is like this: I lost to the tune of three thousand rupees. But I had not a paisa with me. What can they do? They took away my diamond ring in lieu of my due to them. Do you remember how much I had paid for the ring? Only one thousand. So, didn't I make a clean gain of two thousand?" explained Anand.

His wife sighed and kept quiet.





True Wealth

King Vijaysen of Amaravati was in the habit of donning a disguise and roaming in his kingdom. He believed that this was a far better method of knowing the condition of the people than depending on the report of his officers.

One day the disguised king was crossing a vast field. He was tired. Just then sweet music from a flute surprised him. He followed the sound and reached near a tree. A little boy sat under the tree and played his flute. The king listened to him, charmed. He felt quite relaxed.

He talked to the boy affectionately and found out that he was an orphan. Sadashiv was his name. He worked for a rich farmer who fed him. The king found him very intelligent.

"Come with me. I'll give you better food, better clothes and

better house to live," said the disguised king.

Sadashiv had no reason to refuse the offer. He followed the king to the town.

Soon he learnt who the stranger was. He was pleasantly surprised. The king allotted him a room in the palace. He gave him fine clothes and appointed teachers to educate him.

Sadashiv studied with great interest. The king talked to him at times and was convinced that the boy was truthful and honest.

After three years the king told Sadashiv, "You've learnt enough. It is time you took up some work."

"My lord, I'm willing to do any work you would like to give me. But will you please allow me to pay a visit to my village for a few days before I join the work?" asked Sadashiv with

humility.

"Why not!" replied the king.

In his village Sadashiv heard many kind words. "How lucky you are!" exclaimed his friends and wellwishers.

"Am I lucky? I'm not sure," responded Sadashiv. All thought that he was being humble.

Upon his return to the palace, the king appointed him the superintendent of his family museum. This was a treasure-house of valuables collected over generations.

The post was always reserved for highly trusted officers who were known to be so honest that they would never steal anything from the collection. All were surprised that the king offered the post to the young man whose honesty had never been tested. But King Vijaysen acted according to his own impressions and nobody had the courage to question his decision.

King Vijaysen suddenly passed away and his son Krantisen ascended the throne.

Those who were jealous of Sadashiv now got a chance to speak against him to the young king. They told him that Sadashiv was regularly stealing



from the museum.

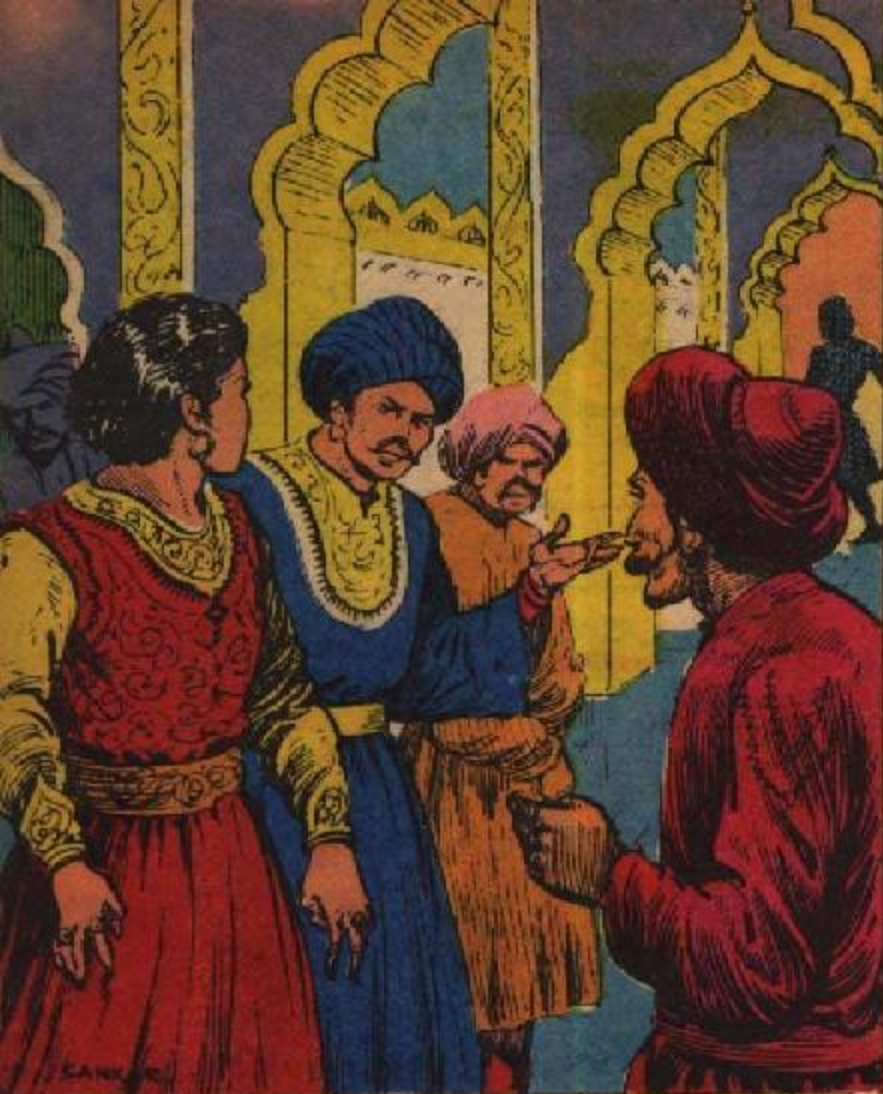
"Where is the proof?" asked the young king.

"My lord, I had recently had a chance to enter the museum. Two years ago I had seen a dagger with a diamond on its handle. I observed that the diamond is now missing," one noble asserted.

The young king called for the dagger and found the diamond really missing. But inquiry showed that his father, the late king, had himself removed it from the dagger and got it set on the handle of his sword.

The suspicious nobles advised the king to ask Sadashiv to draw





a list of items in the museum and to compare it with the old list. They felt sure that some of the items mentioned in the old list would not be there in the new list, for Sadashiv must have carried them away.

The list was prepared. It was same as the old list. The king went into the museum himself and checked the items. Everything was in its proper place. Sadashiv opened to him rack after rack, chest after chest and almirah after almirah.

But he bypassed one small chest. The king had not observed it, but one of the nobles accompanying him drew

his attention to it.

"What does this chest contain?" asked the king.

"My lord, that is of no importance to you. It contains my wealth," replied Sadashiv.

The nobles looked at one another meaningfully.

"Your wealth? What is that?" demanded the king who was growing suspicious.

"Whatever be my wealth, my lord, I was using this with the full approval of your great father, the late king."

"What is the harm if we see your wealth?" the king sounded stern.

Sadashiv sighed and silently opened the chest and brought out its content. They were a pair of worn-out slippers, a tattered blanket and an old flute.

"What is this? Why do you call this your wealth?" asked the surprised king.

"My lord, true wealth is that which gives one peace of mind. As long as I had only these, I spent my days in peace. But, pardon me my lord, though you are giving me high salary and other comforts now, I am without my peace. It is because of the atmosphere of suspicion and jealousy that surrounds me,"





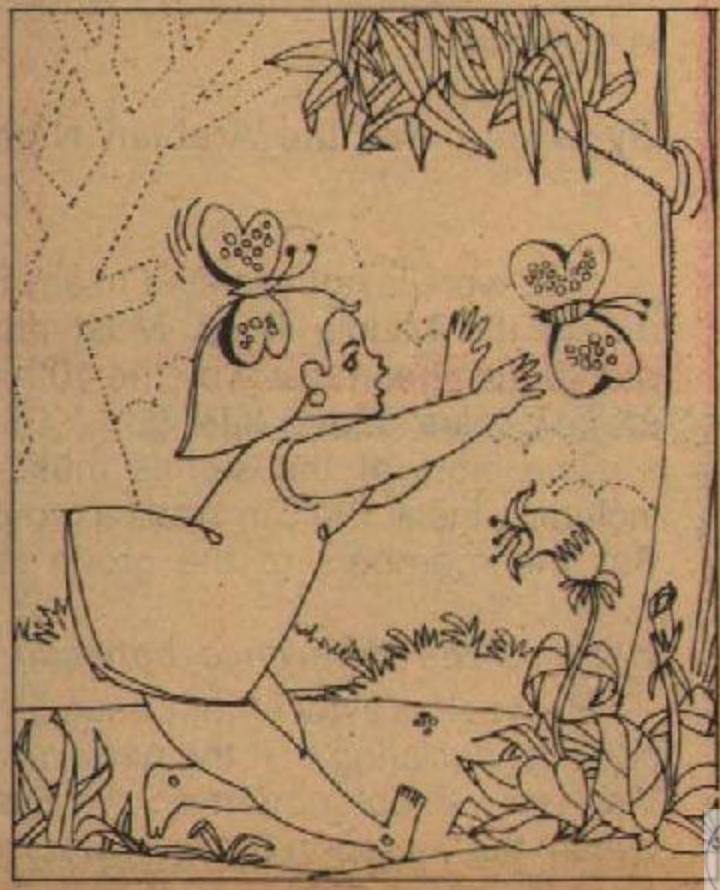
said Sadashiv ruefully.

The king hung his head. He walked away briskly without even looking at the nobles who had led him there.

Next day Sadashiv was prom-

oted to the position of a minister. Those nobles who used to complain against him did not show their faces either to the king or to Sadashiv for many days.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





LET US KNOW

Do cannibals still exist?

—Sukumar Nair, Mahesana.

The question reminds us of an anecdote. A religious preacher who had just returned from a remote country claimed in a public meeting that he had civilized the people there. A member of the audience stood up and said, "Sir, I was there only last month and I saw them eating human flesh!"

"Maybe," replied the preacher. "But didn't you observe that they are now eating with fork and knife instead of with fingers?"

Habits die hard. Though cannibalism is no longer practised openly, sociologists are afraid that a few tribes and some individuals still fall back to the practice once in a while. But, surely, it is dying out.



By whom was the Arabian Nights written?

—S. Subak Tageen, Adoni.

The work is not ascribed to any individual author. The tales were built up during the Middle Ages. Most probably the basic work with nearly 300 stories had been ready by the 10th century, but they circulated orally. More stories were added later.

The plots of the stories must have been gathered from many lands including India. We can credit a group of Arab storytellers with its authorship. But the members of the group remain anonymous.

What is the difference between Passport and Visa?

Passport is a document issued by the authorities of a country to any of its citizens, declaring that the person was eligible to visit a foreign country. The Visa is an endorsement on the Passport by the authorities of the country which the Passport-holder wants to visit.

NEWS-FLASH

The Flying Demons



Once the earth had flying demons. This, of course, sounds like a line from a fairytale. Let us be factual: they were not demons but dinosaurs.

Known as Pterosaurs, this kind of dinosaurs had wing-spans of 16 meters. Fossils found in east Texas show that they lived for millions of years, but without flapping their wings! They held the wings aloft, like men do with hand-gliders, and let wind move them.

Holidaying in Space

It is no more an item for science fiction. American space scientists belonging to the famous NASA and the Rockwell International have designed a passenger module that can carry 74 passengers to "a space hotel". According to an authoritative source, the first batch of private passengers may fly in the 1990s.

Who will the first passengers be? The NASA advisory council is considering criteria for selection?

In any case, a seat in this space ship is going to be pretty costly—like 2 million dollars!



The Thinnest Gold

"A piece of gold so thin that you can see through it"—is what scientists at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico have been able to create. This is less than a millionth of an inch thick.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



P. Sundaram

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for September '83 goes to:—

Mrs. M. Paranjoti 4/123 A-3

Shanti Nagar, Palayamkottai—627 002.

The Winning Entry:—'Dutiful Homage'—'Beautiful Plumage'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

"Two great talkers will not travel far together."

—*Spanish proverb.*

"Anybody who is any good is different from anybody else."

—*Felix Frankfurter.*

"After you've heard two eyewitness accounts of a motor accident, you begin to worry about history."

—*John McNab.*

BP

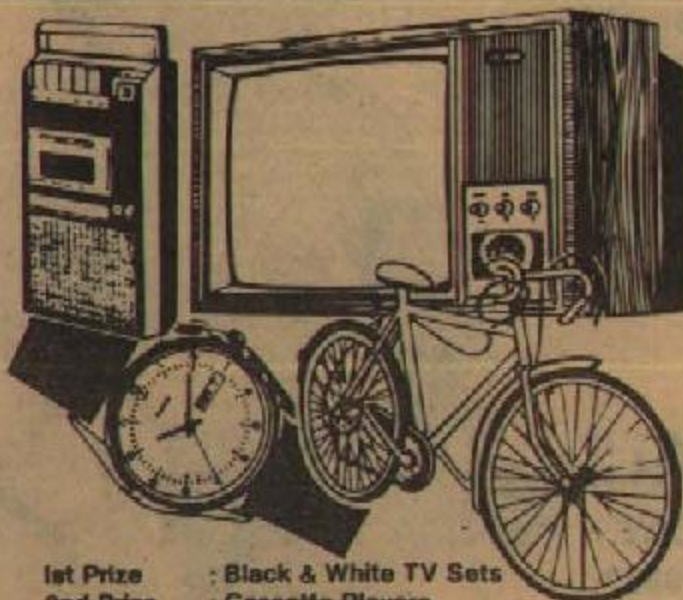
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